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STRENUUS ARDUUM CEDUNT

THE
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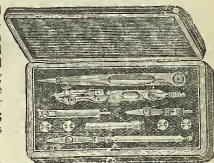
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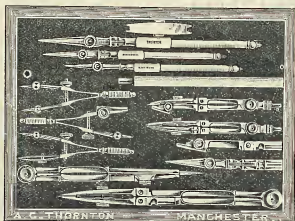
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The Hartley University College Magazine.

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THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

NOTES AND NEWS.

✦ ✦ ✦

Spring Poems.

Spring has come, and with it the spring poet. Who would have imagined that the grey and grim old College could become a nest of linnets? Besides the poems which appear in this number we have a sackful of others—some held in reserve for future infliction on the gentle reader, others destined to serve as pipelights or perchance to fill the editorial W.P.B. Why this sudden influx of lyrical effusions? We cannot believe the rumour that poets are incubated in the hot-house of Private Study, whose weary and brain-fagged denizens find solace in composing light and airy lyrics. Or can it be the natural reaction and rebound of the ever-buoyant spirits of youth after the—— but let us take things as they are and be thankful.

"Errare est humanum."

We must apologise to readers and to contributors for a number of ghastly misprints in our last issue. Owing to paucity of matter and the slow rate at which contributions dribbled in, our last issue was rather late in reaching the printer, with the result that the proofs were read somewhat hastily and some of the worst misprints were not detected. Moral: if you have anything to send in for next issue of the Magazine, DO IT NOW!

Achievements and a Comparison.

We make no apology for reprinting part of the recent Report issued by the Principal on "Appointments gained by Students, and other matters connected with the growth and development of the College."

I. Appointments gained by Students who left the College since its recognition as a University College in 1902.

- (1) *Government Appointments*:—1 First Class Clerkship in the War Office; 2 Assistant Surveyors of Taxes; 3 Assistant Examiners of Patents; 1 Indian Police; 1 Analytical Chemist in India; 1 Appointment in West Africa; 1 Principal of Agricultural College in India.
- (2) *Scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge Universities*:—1 Theological Scholarship; 2 Mathematical Scholarships; 2 Science Scholarships; 1 Modern Language Scholarship.
- (3) *Scholarships at Medical Schools*:—4 Scholarships.
- (4) *Appointments in the Ministry*:—2 in the Church of England; 1 in a Nonconformist Church; 1 Nonconformist Minister studied at the College for the M.A. Degree.
- (5) *Lectureships in University and Technical Colleges*:—1 at University College, Bristol; 1 at Hartley University College; 1 at Huddersfield Technical College; 2 at Portsmouth Technical College; 1 at Swindon Technical College.
- (6) *Appointments in Secondary Schools, Pupil Teachers' Centres and Higher Grade Schools*:—17 Master or Mistress in a Secondary School; 2 Master or Mistress in Higher Grade Schools; 4 Master or Mistress of Southampton Grammar Schools studied at the College for degrees while holding appointments; 1 Mistress in Pupil Teachers' Centre; 1 Engineering Instructor in a School.
- (7) *Miscellaneous Appointments*:—2 Appointments in Brewing Establishments; 1 Appointment in Gas Works; 1 Appointment as Analytical Chemist; 3 Appointments in Banks; several Dental and Pharmaceutical Appointments.

II. Appointments in Elementary Schools gained by Students who left the College since 1901:—358 Teachers in Elementary Schools.

III. Engineering Appointments gained by Students who left the College since 1900.

- (1) *Civil Engineering*.—About 20 Students have taken up Civil Engineering appointments, including appointments connected with Railway, Municipal and Waterworks Engineering. The appointments gained include:—1 Dock Engineer under a large firm of Contractors; 1 Assistant Civil Engineer on a Railway; 1 Assistant to a Westminster firm of Engineers; 2 Assistants to Borough Engineers; 1 Assistant in Waterworks construction; 1 Pupil to Borough Engineer; 1 Pupil or Assistant (Civil Engineering); 1 Pupil or Assistant (Waterworks Engineering).
- (2) *Electrical Engineering*.—About 30 Students can be traced who have taken up Electrical Engineering appointments. The appointments obtained include:—1 Chief Electrical Engineer to a Southampton firm; 1 Electrical Engineer to a Corporation; 2 Electrical Engineers to firms; 1 Assistant Designer (in charge of a Sectional Dept.); 1 Assistant Works Manager.

- (3) *Mechanical Engineering*:—About 30 Students can be traced. The appointments obtained include;—1 Philosophical Instrument Maker; 1 Gas Engine Engineer; 1 Assistant to firm of Engineers; 1 Draughtsman to a Southampton firm; 1 Motor Engineer; 1 Motor Engineer, partner in firm; 1 Student took a short course preparatory to going to Africa as an Explorer.

Some gentlemen, after having been engaged in Engineering work, have taken special courses at the College. 2 Students obtained the A.M.I.C.E. 1 Student obtained the B.Sc. (Engineering) Degree of the London University.

IV. Degrees in Science and in Arts gained by Students since the recognition of the College as a University College in 1902; B.A., London, 2; B.Sc., London, 18; M.A., London, 5.

V. Total number of passes at the Intermediate and Final Examinations in Arts and Science, and the M.A. Examination of the London University during the year 1907, from the only four University Colleges that do not grant degrees, and consequently prepare their Students for the Examinations of the London University:—

		Hartley.	Nottingham.	Bristol.	Reading.
Intermediate Arts and Science	..	24	18	18	16
		(1 with First-Class Honours)			
Final B.A. and B.Sc.	..	7	5	6	7
M.A.	..	1	—	—	—
Totals	..	32	23	24	23

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

* * *

IN an article in the last number of the Magazine I dealt with English National Character, and treated it statically. In the present article I will note some phases of its development, and trace in outline the history of John Bull.

P. G. Hamerton in one of his books said "What is called the national character of the English has never been fixed, and is now perceptibly changing." This is true, and it is explained by the changes which have taken place and are still taking place in the English nation itself. John Bull has had his periods of life—his childhood, his youth, his middle age,—and he has in turn manifested the dispositions suitable to each.

When he was born is a matter of much dispute. There was no registrar to make an authoritative record of the event. Moreover, nations as a rule come into existence after the manner of the Phoenix. They spring from the fires that have consumed older political organisations; and sometimes the fires are so slow that it is difficult indeed to say when they cease to be merely destructive and become regenerative.

But I venture to assign 1485 as the approximate date of the birth of John Bull, of the rise of the English nation. With the accession of the House of Tudor, we find England united internally, consolidated externally. *Within*, the disloyal, unpatriotic, condottieri nobility had been destroyed by the Wars of the Roses; the Church had come to look less and less for guidance to the Papacy, and had acquired the habit of depending on its Bishops for spiritual direction, on the king for political control; the mediæval social distinctions had been swept away by the spread of learning, the increase of commerce and the changed methods of warfare. Internally England was united, was a nation in fact, as it had never been before. *Without*, too, a corresponding unification was evident. The old distracting dreams of conquest in France, and of a continental empire faded away before the dawning hope of colonial and commercial expansion. Wales at last was won; she gave England a king and, with him, herself. So that Henry VII. left to his son the headship not of warring factions, mixed peoples, sundered and alien provinces stretching southward to the Pyrenees, but of a nation, one in patriotic spirit and dwelling compactly in

"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

The birth of the nation was marked by a new and passionate devotion to the Common Weal, and by a new and long-suffering loyalty to the king.

The sixteenth century was the period of John Bull's boyhood, and in it he manifested all the exuberant vitality of barbaric youth. With what energy he built his ships and sported with the unknown sea! With what reckless courage he invaded forbidden continents and attacked invincible armadas! With what insatiable curiosity he explored the new heavens and the new earth which had been laid open to him! With what juvenile love of adventure he did prodigious deeds! Then how enchantingly naughty he was! To singe the Spaniard's beard—how insolent, how unkind, how wicked, but what fun! He had all the boy's dislike of serious thought, all his healthy irreligiosity. What did he care about government and parliament and ancient rights?

All he wanted was to be left alone. His Private-Tudor (if we may thus describe the king) might manage the constitution as he thought fit, provided he did not meddle with his little gambols with the sea, his little incursions into his neighbours' orchards, his little fights, his little bargainings. What did he care about religion? He would go to any church he was told to go to, and to no other. But when he was informed that he was a Protestant he was on the whole glad; for the Pope had a habit of interfering with Catholics and asking them for money, and the King of Spain was an attractive person to rob in a noble cause. Finally, he had the boy's light-heartedness and the boy's limitless imagination. He went about singing and shouting and whistling all the day, and he loved to hear and to tell wild and weird tales. Truly he was a fascinating youth. But towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth we can see that a change was taking place in his character. He was beginning to develop the preternatural solemnity of the young man.

The seventeenth century was the period of his adolescence. Events had gradually made him serious. Queen Mary had burnt him. She had done it on purpose, because he was a Protestant. This made him hate Catholicism with an intense hatred which destroyed gaiety. Then, after the manner of young men, he began to explore his own soul: he became very self-conscious. This, too, caused the smile to fade from his face and the laughter to die on his lips; but he grew rapidly in conscience and thought, though his conscience had a truly adolescent one-sidedness, and his thought a distinctive dogmatic assurance. Moreover, he had beaten Spain in fair fight, and the sense of power and importance gave him a bearing and dignity which before he had lacked. This, and his growing thoughtfulness, caused him to rebel against the tutelage under which his boyhood had been happily passed. He asked to be allowed to take care of his own money, to choose his own servants, to write his own letters, and to do as he liked generally. Some of his successive tutors strongly objected to this: so he dismissed one or two of them until at last he got one who would recognise that he had come of age.

Towards the end of the period his conduct shewed a slight reaction from the rigid puritanism of the preceding years; but the change was temporary and superficial, and did not indicate a real moral degeneration.

During this century John Bull was married to his old play-mate the sea, and from that most happy union there began to spring a large and fair family of colonies.

Thus at the end of the seventeenth century John Bull was settled down in a comfortable domestic way, his tutor having become a mere private secretary. He was managing his own affairs, and beginning to devote very serious attention to the making of money. He had lost his old attractiveness, his vivacity, his "spaciousness"; but his solid virtues and his evident prosperity command our respect.

The eighteenth century was the era of his prosperous middle life. Now-a-days he is always represented as a corpulent person; it was then that he became such. He set himself diligently to make money, ceased to take exercise, avoided quarrels, quenched his enthusiasms, forgot his ideals, neglected his religion, found palliatives for his conscience—and succeeded, that is, made money and grew portly.

The long period of peace, when Walpole was his chief servant, was the time during which he laid the firm basis of his prosperity. He emerged from national seclusion about 1740, the recognised general dealer to mankind-at-large. He had gained the world; but he had well-nigh lost his soul. Never before had he sunk to such depths of sordidness. He was tolerant, because he had ceased to have convictions; peaceable, because his spirit had failed him and he dared not fight; respectable, because scandals were expensive. He had lost his hold on eternal verities, and probability had become the guide of his life.

But he was saved by a great religious revival. Under the preaching of the Methodists his dormant conscience was roused and his soul quickened. He became a new creature. Responsibility for the well-being of his colonies, thought for the condition of the slaves, zeal for prison reform, and other unprecedented philanthropies began to move him.

Towards the end of the century he developed a remarkable gift of mechanical invention, and to his mercantile success added an industrial supremacy which filled the world with inimical consumers of his goods, and consuming enemies of his own good fortune.

He recovered his fighting spirit moreover. It was the elder Pitt who caused his sluggish blood once more to flow, who revived his fainting courage and gave him faith to believe that he had not lost his strength. The result was that he acquired the great estate of India, and took over by forcible adoption that colonial child of France, Canada.

Out of the happy issue of this struggle, however, sprang a disastrous family brawl. So obstinate for his parental

authority was John Bull, so passionate for filial rights were his American children, that the quarrel was ended only by a lamentable separation. It was a great throw-back to his prosperity, a sad hindrance to all his nobler works.

Finally, with the full resources of vast wealth, with the consciousness of matured powers, and with the conviction of a worthy cause, he had to bear the brunt of the European conflicts, first with the forces of revolutionary anarchy, secondly with those of military tyranny. He came out triumphant, but not uninjured. The exertions of the great war and the exhaustion of the succeeding peace brought such sufferings that John Bull was scarcely restored by a quarter of a century of religious emancipation, of parliamentary reform, of poor-law re-organisation and free-trade innovations. His woes made him compassionate even to the verge of the sentimental. It was at this time that his missionary and humanitarian zeal was kindled. Thus amid strife abroad and inward renewal he came to the end of his mercantile middle-age.

So now he is fulfilling the period of decline. This sounds very distressing to the patriot who does not reflect that in the case of nations the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is an established fact. Just as in the old days the knights of the military orders, the merchants of the guilds, the monks of the privileged religious communities watched with sorrow and dismay their exclusive corporations dying into the larger life of the nation; so in this day of dying nations, patriots utter woeful wailings, swear that *their* nation at any rate shall not die, administer strong jingo tonics and ardent diplomatic intoxicants, and assert that the half-poisoned and wholly inebriated victim was never more vigorous.

But the signs of the times are against them. The barriers which alone made nations possible are being broken down. Geographical barriers have long ceased to exist; railroads and steamships have cleared them away. There are no longer any Alps or Pyrenees, no longer sundering streams and seas. The world at last is a geographical unit. So, too, it is an intellectual and commercial unit. Every new thought and fresh discovery becomes instantly the property of learned men in every land. An event happening in London is known in New York, four hours by the clock, before it occurs. The market for many kinds of goods and for all the great securities is world-wide. The barriers of race and of ancient prejudice are disappearing under the influence of inter-communion. Men of all countries are finding that the differences which divide them from their fellows are as nothing compared with what all

men have in common. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man, proclaimed by the new theology, emphasised by Tolstoy, exemplified and applied by the socialists, militates against the national idea.

These and countless other forces operating specially in England, tend to bring about the transformation of nations into larger and more comprehensive political Beings. All schemes of imperial federation are plots for the destruction of John Bull.

Hence, when we consider the latter end of John Bull, we do so without any of the sad solicitude of those who look upon a passing friend. For the passing of a nation is not so much a death as an apotheosis of the kind contemplated by Comte, to be celebrated not with tears but with triumphal song.

When the English nation does pass into the great federation of the English-speaking peoples, it will be one decisive step towards the consummation foreseen by Tennyson when he speaks of a united humanity assembled in "the Parliament of Man."

F.J.C.H.

COMMON ROOM BALLADS. No. II.

"The Phantom Student,"

▼ ▼ ▼

(With apologies to the author of the "Bab Ballads.")

A master grim, of aspect magisterial,
 Whose fiery eye saved coal throughout the College,
 Delighted once to worry and to weary all
 The students there assembled, seeking knowledge.
 Not by his learning gained he notoriety,
 But by a zeal for what he termed propriety.
 Woe worth the students whom he caught a-frolicking
 At hours forbidden, or with persons barred;
 Woe worth the men whose conduct he thought rollicking;
 Their lot was always pitiably hard.
 All pleasures, harmless mirth, and social jollity
 He censured as most scandalous frivolity.
 Yet, spite of his display of strict austerity
 (Alas! can professorial minds be framed so?)
 This martinet, with all his famed severity,
 Himself loved all that he in others blamed so.
 This bogie of collegians, so blest of 'em.
 Could act the goat, and brave it with the best of 'em.

One evening at that vainest of all vanities,
 A theatre, he occupied a stall
 And roared at jokes, nonsensical inanities
 Which pleased him—as professor—not at all.
 When suddenly—conceive the funk and fear of him—
 He spied a student, sitting just in rear of him.

A student, with unhallowed mirth o'erbubbling,
 An *unknown* student, grim and gaunt and ghastly,
 The stern professor's conscience greatly troubling—
 His very presence chilled his marrow vastly.
 But what struck terror to the very heart of him
 He plainly saw through ev'ry single part of him!

Our good professor, heedless of his caustical
 Remarks about the "sport of fools," next night
 Went to a dance, and there on toe fantastical
 Whirled like a fairy, till he saw a sight
 Which made the supper cheer agree but ill with him—
 That student came and joined in a quadrille with him!

That self-same week, for so the Fates would have it, he
 Stopped at an inn, while on a country potter,
 Summoned mine host, and ordered him with gravity
 To bring him—here he gasped and felt much hotter,
 For lo! and how he felt he'd like to land him one!
 That ghastly student called and said he'd stand him one!

Soon after, our preceptor, homeward toddling,
 Thought haply on his childhood's days, and sighed.
 The street was clear, the pavement smooth; his waddling
 He thought he'd like to vary with a slide.
 He slid, and slid, and still it seemed no sin to him
 Until that spectral student slid right into him!

He turned and fled, like rabid dog a-scurrying
 Adown what seemed a sudden-crowded street,
 When something set his heart still faster flurrying,
 But checked the clatter of his flying feet.
 A policeman stood, the student-fiend admonishing
 For conduct unbecoming and astonishing!

* * * *

When well again our master was another man;
 Devoid of all his prejudice was he,
 And claimed to be as well as any other man
 A paragon of sociability.

As for the phantom, just a final word of him,
 His task is done, no more's been seen or heard of him.

E. H. W.

A FROLIC IN WAR-TIME.

* * *

If there is a tale of national woe to match the history of the German days in France, it must be the history of the French days in Germany. They were evil days for both peoples, with a foreign army at large in the country, and the wheels of civic life brought to a standstill, like the works of the old eight-day clock at Sedan—stopped by a Prussian bullet forty years ago. In Erckmann-Chatrian's books anyone can see what the French endured in the German days. Take the passage in "L'ami Fritz," omitted by the careful Paris censor for fear of offence to Germany. But there is another side to the Franco-German war-medal and a companion volume to Erckmann-Chatrian. Fritz Reuter's "Ut de Franzosentid" is a picture in high relief of the humiliations and sufferings inflicted by the Grande Armée, for which the innocent brood of that famous international dragon paid so smartly in 1870.

Who but a Low-German could be so funny and so sad, almost in a breath? Fritz Reuter was a Low-German, and so was Charles Dickens by descent; and Fritz Reuter has been called the "German Dickens." I suppose that, for several reasons, it is useless to expect many people to agree with me in regretting that those Low-German brothers of ours, the Flemings, Dutchmen, "Meckelnborgers," Schleswigers, Holsteiners, and Danes, didn't join the Grand Migration across the Channel, which took place some years ago, and come flocking into England with the rest of us, instead of vegetating where they are. There would have been no Boer War then, no Dutch courage, no Brussels lace, and no Brussels sprouts I suppose. Fritz Reuter would have been "Fred Rider of Mecklenburghshire, Author," and the most popular novelist next to Dickens; Erasmus would have been an Englishman too, and Rubens and Melancthon and De Wet and—ahem!—Prince Bismarck. But of what use is it to fight against history, as they would say at Marseilles? As it is, Fritz Reuter writes in the Mecklenburghshire dialect, in which they say "solt" for "salt," and "lud" for "loud. And I believe I have seen an old map somewhere with Mecklenburghshire marked down between Coop-Tie-shire and Lancashire. But of course no reasonable person would expect one to swear positively to a thing of that sort.

To resume, Reuter's "Stories of the French Days" is a farcical, pathetic, simple, honest sort of tale, with "Mecklenborgers" and French soldiers of La Grande Armée for

characters. A French regiment is quartered for the night on the little town of Stenmhaggle, in Mecklenburgh. The Colonel and a violent thief of a swaggering chasseur find billets in the house of the local Justice of the Peace. To keep him quiet the servants and some of the villagers ply the obnoxious chasseur heavily with wine. Fox, the miller, takes such a prominent part in the conspiracy that when an arrangement is made to send the helpless chasseur off in the miller's cart, Fox reaches home without his passenger and cannot for the life of him explain why. But the miller's man knows—knows precisely in which particular ditch he has left the soldier on the way, to pass the night *à la belle étoile*! Meanwhile, at the House things do not go on very well either. An old French refugee—an excitable time-expired soldier, long settled in Stenmhaggle as a watchmaker—joins the merry throng in the servants' hall, dressed—shako, sword, and all—in his faded old uniform. The sight of the garb of Old Gaul once more has been too much for his patriotic ardour. As a midwinter rainstorm is raging out of doors, the old man is given a bedroom when the jovial party at the House breaks up. But here his misfortunes are destined to begin. For the stable-boy has laid a lump of ice above the tester of his bed, and the dripping of the water from the melting ice awakes him. He supposes the roof is leaking, gets up, and moves his bed. All in vain, of course. So the farce goes on, and as the poor old fellow wheels his great four-poster round the room he upsets the furniture and wakes the Colonel of Chasseurs! A midnight investigation reveals to that angry officer and his orderly, not the original chasseur, but a kind of touching old parody of him, seated disconsolately in a shabby uniform amid the wreckage of his bedroom! The last touch of the pathetic-comic is reached with the prompt arrest of the inoffensive old creature as a deserter! Then out comes the story of the abducted chasseur. Next day everybody else is arrested—the miller, the baker, the old attorney, dressed in his official uniform, on the charge of murdering a soldier of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Napoleon. A round of absurd misunderstandings and touching farewells between the accused and their families and fellow-townsmen, and the prisoners are marched off by the troops. Then the hue and cry is raised in good earnest by the villagers, and the missing chasseur found in hiding, and brought in. He is accused of looting. So the honest Meckelnborgers are eventually released and the chasseur court-martialled.

“Nobody,” says the author in his rustic way, “can blame me for not bein’ one o’ those to mix up horrible things with

"a funny story, and so I'll say nowt more nor's just needful about that French chasseur; nowt about his state o' mind when he was brought back; nowt o' how he came before the court-martial; nowt o' the fear o' death that laid hold o' him when he came by his awful wages. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't; for I'm only writin' o' what I know, an' these things I didn't know. Besides, all my life I never could find it in my heart to spy upon a poor sinner on his last journey, an' look on when other sinners hurry him out o' reach o' human justice into the presence o' another Judge. But then the thing had to happen, an' it happened; an' when his bleedin' body lay upon the sand, did anybody stop to think that those French bullets had reached another heart far away in France, and hit it harder nor ever they did his'n? I'm speakin' now o' his old mother, and its her heart I mean."

After this Reuter is his own old rollicking self once more, and on the way home the boastful attorney, who in his official uniform "looked by day something like a French general by night," tells the miller how he would defeat Napoleon and bring him to reason, and begin by extracting money from the Jews to raise an army.

When the war actually does come, and the battle of Leipsic is won, the Stembaggle contingent returns home covered with glory. Then follows the wedding of the miller's daughter; the attorney trains an orchestra of his own, and beats time on the head of a sack of meal till the rustic musicians "looked like a real choir of angels peering out of a real white cloud."

Of course, from such bucolic drollery to Dickens and Dick Swiveller seems a far cry. Yet, at his best, Fritz Reuter is really no further away from Dickens than the country is from the town. Uncle Bräsig, his most famous creation, is fit for any sort of comic company, even Mr. Micawber's. But you will look in vain for Uncle Bräsig and his friends in "Ut de Franzosentid;" they are to be found in another work. Still, by no means all the characters in this book are yokels and small country officials. It wouldn't matter if they were. But the dignified and courageous old Justice of the Peace is actually more like the old knight in "Woodstock" than anybody else; and Mamsell Westphalen, his housekeeper, compares herself in trying moments like a near relation of David Copperfield's aunt.

BAECKER WITT.

SONG OF THE HARTLEY RUBIES.

+ + +

Don't be rude or cast aspersions
 On ourselves, or on our College,
 Criticisms, maladversions
 On the limits of our knowledge;
 We lead the van by right divine—
Cash, inherited from Pater;
 (And yet show sense, our foes opine,
 To prefer our Alma Mater).

'Tis true we do not care a jot
 For scientific flummery,
 Only the dull would care to "swot"—
 Such aimless, piffling mummery;
 Physics, of course, is dry as bones,
 And as for probing frogs with pins,
 Or counting beans or cracking stones,
 We'd rather learn the deadly sins.

We do not love the meagre field
 In which the classic herbage grows;
 We view with scorn its scanty yield,
 Whose odour, too, offends the nose.
 To sport its blooms, in fact we're loath,
 Beware each scraggy stalk and spine,
 We do not touch such fusty growth—
 We leave it all to Proserpine.

But when the music throbs aloud
 And sweetly smiles each siren maid,
 Why, up we twirl and join the crowd,
 "Of such stern stuff are Britons made";
 At game and song we set the pace,
 Right blithely, jovially, we revel,
 Unto the swift is every race,
 (Even when the goal's the D—).

As long as ruby-coloured caps
 Grace flamboyantly our noddles,
 Or inexpressibles, perhaps,
 Serve all local dudes for models.
 We'll strut about and round the town
 As if it were our corridor,
 And boldly frown all "canaille" down,
 'Tis what we were created for.

Loud we sing our crowning glory
 (It dazzles all beholders' sight),
 Skyward jutting promontory
 'Mid stars outshone it sends its light.
 And when at last the trumpet-blast
 Reverberant through Heaven rolls,
 We'll line up in the great march-past,
 Nor need to search for aureoles.

A.E.

ON DIT: - x x x

v v v

THAT the social life at Coll. is most tiring. It is in fact retiring.

THAT it is owing to this that Diogenes is becoming quite sociable.

THAT a certain venturesome student tried to skate *under* the ice.

THAT the unpleasant sensation produced tended to prevent repetition of similar activities.

THAT Milton never delivered the Areopagitica.

THAT we don't blame him either.

THAT P.S. is conducive to peaceful slumbers

THAT Ruggerites should collar bonuses before playing for H.U.C.

THAT "things are so different in Japan."

THAT several Hartleyans inculcated with the botanical instinct have, since Miss Hu-h-s' visit, regularly indulged in two pennyworth of blossoms.

THAT other less fortunate gentlemen content themselves with a weekly gaze at the College miniature greenhouses in Room 3.

THAT the Japanese schoolboy is "O! so good."

THAT Psychology and sour caterpillars are more unintelligible than ever.

THAT the opening and closing of windows are important factors in Psychology lectures.

THAT Pompeians can hold their own in a general C.-R. tussle.

THAT the Chimes mingle well with "Yi-Yi."

THAT men students dig in the Chasm.

THAT this may account for fancy dress costumes being available.

THAT officers are urgently needed for the T . r r . t . r . . l army.

THAT militia-men are at a discount.

THAT in tuning a piano the man always takes the front out.

THAT a Hartley man is said to have contracted brain fever.

THAT swotting in the real sense of the word formed part of his everyday curriculum—Hartleyans, beware!

THAT Hollis of crit. fame is not to be confounded with Hollis of the Revolution—unfortunately.

THAT the Hanoverian Princes of Wales quarrelled with their fathers "out of sheer cussedness."

THAT the Portsmouth accent is better developed in Southampton than in Portsmouth.

THAT McDougal was hauled because he recalled apperceptive masses which provoked him to a smile.

THAT in view of the unprecedented demand for armour another auction is anticipated.

THAT Milton made a joke.

THAT his favourite angel was not the one at Islington.

THAT students fail to see what part of a Public Lecture can be termed "social function."

THAT the 'Varsity has degenerated to a work-house.

THAT Nobbler is sticking it.

THAT the recently acquired specimen in the museum is not a fossil, though it is said to be fossilised.

THAT the College prowler is still busy.

THAT "watch him," which has been heard in the College, is not to be confounded with "wash him."

THAT hale hearty spirits are verit(y) ably present in certain lectures.

THAT women students will soon be drilled into attenuated walking sticks.

DHAT fo'netiks âr ôl dha reyj.

THAT many aspiring literary geniuses are, sad to relate, suffering from that terrible affliction "Limerickitis."

THAT they do not sport their tanners.

THAT there's no profit—you can't do it.

THAT the individual who makes so bold as to post nerve shattering lines in the main corridor, should know that a treatise on rhyming can be obtained for the nominal sum of one shilling.

THAT "Wednesday," "again be," and "Hartley," forming the endings of lines in a certain Soccer Limerick are not quite in accordance with the rules of the *real* art of limericking.

THE MORNING'S WORK.

(Tune, "Farmer Giles.")

+ + +

WE wake in the morn with a jump and a start,
A voice at the door says, "You'll have to look smart";
There's no time for breakfast, although it smells fair,
There's scarce time for washing, or parting our hair.

We sprint down to College at five after nine,
For breaking mile-records as practice it's fine,
We dash up the stairs at a hot pace, ding dong,
And walk into class as if nothing were wrong.

But this doesn't answer; the Prof. stops to say
"It's no use your coming, you're too late to-day";
So down to the Den we go off with a yell
To smoke and to sing till we hear the next bell.

Next lecture is off, so to P.S. we go
To show that we're swotting—it's little but show;
If ere you should chance to be passing that way,
At hard work you'll find us—well, let's say you *may*.

The next lecture over—by Jove, it was dry!
Ephesian slumber we came very nigh;
Then down to the Den for the interval short,
Where all do their best to forget what they're taught.

The interval over, we go up once more,
But aren't most lectures a terrible bore?
There's a sigh of relief when the clock strikes the one
And the bell's ting-a-ling say's the morning's work's done.

JIM MACSTRETCHER.

THE NEW ATLANTIS. ❧ ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

BEING a letter written from one Old Hartleyan to another in the year 1920 A.D.:—

DEAR ELSIE,—I *must* relieve my feelings somehow, so prepare for a long epistle. Last Friday I managed to run down to Southampton for a week-end (by airship, of course—it's cheaper), and naturally visited our old paradise, the Hartley. To my amazement it now reposes in stately isolation on the Common—imagine it, the majestic, mosque-like building surrounded by waving trees and well-kept walks. As I marched timidly up the imposing drive, I caught occasional glimpses on the right of sweet girl graduates pacing quietly up and down the paths reading from tiny books which somewhat resembled Temple Primers. On the left were the recreation grounds for the men, but of course the occupants were not visible at the same time as the girls. Entering the imposing vestibule and proceeding through the outer hall, with its tessellated pavement and beautiful statues, I enquired my way to the Art room of an obliging porter, who rushed forward to attend to me. I was directed up wide marble steps to a spacious room where perfect silence reigned. Could *this* be an Art room—the place where happy students were wont to gather, an oasis in the desert of Private Study? Yes, each student sat patiently painting or drawing with a rapt expression worthy of Raphael or Michael Angelo. Ahashed, I shrank back and retired timidly down the broad steps till I reached a massive door on which was the legend "Study." Here, I thought, talking is strictly prohibited, but perhaps this unearthly silence will be broken? A silvery tinkle disturbed my meditations. Instantly, noiselessly, swiftly, yet without scrambling, crowds of students filed past. The door of the Study swung open, rapidly the women filed in, while the men entered from a door at the further end. In one minute by my watch the room was in perfect stillness. There was no patient supervisor—the post would have been a sinecure. The silence began to affect my nerves. A feeble cough attracted no attention, so, touching one of the students apologetically on the shoulder, I breathed a request for direction to the Women's Common Room. As my voice made itself painfully obvious, sighs of impatience came from all sides, and my victim looked up with a pained expression. "Downstairs, right-face, left face, right again, then second door," and her head sank down again as she busily wrote on. "Could you show me, please?" I begged piteously. She rose, ran lightly downstairs, and stopped at a door which led into a large room. "This is our property," she said rapidly; "kindly clean your shoes on the requisite provided before entering." Then she vanished—to the Study, I presume. I was awestruck—a Common Room with no untidy chairs scattered about, no nondescript articles of clothing, no torn books, no crumbs, plants blooming happily on the tables, and no warning notices—oh, happy place! I crept on tiptoe to the notice-board. "A pleasant and profitable evening will be spent on Wednesday next, to take the usual form of a discussion. Topics:—(1) 'How the chicken swallows a green caterpillar;' (2) 'Whai wi læn fônètiks;' (3) 'How Milton utilized spare moments to write Areopagitica.'" With a cold shiver I got out of the place somehow and opened a door, which, to my horror, revealed a lecture in full swing. However, the opening of the door was unnoticed—you should have seen the earnest attention on those faces. The lecturer was not applauded as *we* loved to applaud, but the looks of admiration from the students gave eloquent

proof of the high value they set on his work. After one or two glances round, I retreated and left the unfamiliar College as quickly as I was able. Dear Elsie, next time I write it will be to describe a nice football match, so quiet and orderly, which the students played in the afternoon; but now I really must conclude. Do not take the change too much to heart, but visit the College for yourself as soon as possible.

Ever yours,

ROSALIND.

MISCELLANEA. ❧ ❧

✦ ✦ ✦

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.—Wireless Telegraphy is threatened with ruin by the recent invention of an Austrian electrician, who claims to be able to render unintelligible all messages within a radius of 700 miles. His apparatus is quite simple, consisting of a revolving tower, on which are placed about twelve electric batteries, arranged to produce flashes of different strength. The area swept by the resulting electric waves is a circle of about 700 miles radius; and within this area operators will be quite unable to interpret messages. The inventor avows his intention of using his apparatus in time of war from *humanitarian motives*. What will happen if he falls into Lord Kitchener's hands?—*University Correspondent*.

RAT-CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.—The plague of rats which is now attracting so much attention, would probably be ended speedily if the famous rat-catcher of Batley, Mr. Cassidy, would set up a school and train others in his art. Cassidy declares that he and a few other good rat-catchers could rid London of rats. He draws large retaining-fees from many of the mill-owners in Yorkshire to keep down the rodents in their premises. He uses neither dogs nor ferrets, his method being to drive the rats out of their holes with a secret preparation of his own, and catch them with his naked hands as they come out. At a skin factory he recently caught 153 rats out of 155 in 13 minutes.—*Certificate Examiner*.

MATHEMATICS FOR GIRLS.—The object of mathematical training is to teach the pupil to think for herself, to give her accuracy of thought and expression, and to make her clear-

headed and logical, and capable of making a clear statement, either by word of mouth or on paper. Woman's absurd behaviour under certain circumstances would be impossible to a mathematician.—*Schoolmaster*. Girls must admit that they *do* need something to enable them to make a clear statement, pretty often.

THE FLIGHT OF MAN.—Man has now learned to fly! Henry Farman has won the Archdeacon prize of 50,000 francs by flying a measured course of 1 kilometre at Paris. Farman's machine is an aeroplane, that is to say, it works on the principle of a kite driven by a screw propeller. The speed was 25 miles per hour.—*University Correspondent*.

HARD TIMES.—In exceptionally hard winters many birds die, probably from hunger and thirst; but they do not appear to suffer from actual cold. One rarely sees a bird seeking shelter from a biting wind. Some animals, notably caterpillars of moths and butterflies, may revive and grow into insects after being frozen hard and becoming quite brittle. Many evergreen plants have "unfreezable" sap, oils, resins, turpentine, etc., which enable them to survive intense cold.—*Certificate Examiner*.

DANDYISM AT OXFORD.—When men make it the business of their lives to cultivate a waist, to prolong the skirts of a lounge coat indefinitely in the direction of their knees, and to patrol the High in pumps, not for the comfort of it, but to display such socks as were better left concealed—then it is time to make a stand against the tyranny of fashion and the folly of its slaves.—*Varsity*. After this, there is room for development at Hartley!

HADN'T READ MACDOUGALL, EVIDENTLY!—Professor Adams, Principal of a London Day Training College, began a lecture thus:—"As a blacksmith is a worker in iron, so is the teacher a worker in consciousness. A knowledge of the nature and manipulation of consciousness, therefore, is of the first importance to the teacher." *Consciousness cannot be defined*.

A BIG JOB.—A gigantic scheme to construct a water-way from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, via Switzerland, is attracting much attention on the Continent. The proposal

comes from an Italian Engineer named Caminada. The Rhine would be used as far as the Lake of Constance; then, by an ingenious system of galleries and locks, the waterway would cross the Alps. The enormous volume of water used would also be largely available as a source of mechanical energy and for irrigation. It is estimated that the scheme would cost about sixty millions sterling, that the journey would occupy very little longer than that of a goods train, and that the carriage-charges would be considerably lower than those of railways.—*Certificate Examiner*.

AT Cardiff the cost per scholar in Elementary Schools is £2 5s. to £2 15s. per head. At a Secondary School there the cost is £10 per scholar, and there are sixteen teachers for fifteen forms.

ALL school-mistresses in Blackpool must in future resign their appointments within one month of marriage!

THE income of all the Training Colleges last year was nearly £500,000, of which £50,000 came from voluntary sources.

THE organization of school excursions in various parts of the country is progressing. A child often learns more in his daily walk to and from school than he learns in the classroom. We do not wish to undervalue the education to be got from books; but it is necessary to remember that books are but a makeshift, and may be an obstacle as well as an aid. We now know from irrefragable scientific observation that the development of the brain power is helped by the intelligent development of muscular activity. We all admit that education must concern itself with the concrete facts of life as well as with abstract thought. The formal education of our schools, largely concerned as it is with the study of books, though not necessarily entirely so, has withdrawn children from the free exercise of their natural activity for a great part of the day. We must see to it, then, that they have due opportunities for the broader education in the facts and realities of life. For this end school journeys are an important factor.—*Journal of Education*.

FLIES IN AMBER. x x

* * *

THE following fragments of MSS., some charred and half-burnt, others shredded into scraps, were rescued, collected, deciphered, and pieced together by the too-industrious microbe who at irregular intervals descends on the editorial sanctum to stir up, if not to remove, the dust of ages there accumulated.

The first fragment is evidently a poem, showing signs of great mental agitation, if nothing else. Its title is original and ingenious:—

THOUGHTS FROM A STUDENT'S PEN.

Far from your hamlets, or not far,
From town or countryside,
Fresh students gather year by year,
Ambition's gates throwing wide.

Friendships, late severed, creative power
This bitter loss will heal,
Companionships of riper years
Form now with new-born zeal.

Right welcome, sons and daughters now,
Join with us in our round,
Embrace these chances at your door,
So opportunely found.

Firmness and courage, study, play,
Each student's soul inspires,
Intentions formed, by them abide,
From high aspire to higher!

Here the fragment becomes indecipherable and incoherent. However, we wipe our streaming eyes, cease to lament over these lost stanzas of a beautiful poem (worthy of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, admired of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens), and proceed to the last spasm, which luckily remains intact:—

Then when your College course has run,
And Life's grim conflict starts,
Success (the crown of knowledge) gained
Will greet you before ever you've parted!

The second MS., which also bears some resemblance to poetry, is even sadder and more plaintive. From internal evidence it appears to have been written during some long-forgotten period of tribulation—possibly of internecine misunderstanding, not to say strife. Its interest is obviously historical and nothing more, yet it seems worthy of preservation. Here it is:—

A LAMENT.

No more the corridors we roam,
To study we must go,
And when at last we start for home
Our spirits keep so low.

We must not play or frivol in
The Library or Hall;
Indeed it is a monstrous sin
If we are seen at all.

Upon the men we must not look,
And if we merely talk,
The P'liceman marks us in his book,
And to the door we walk.

Will no one listen to our wails
Or to our grievance plain?
Oh, give us back our *Social life*
And make us glad again.

When the strange emotions awakened by these bleatings of a sad heart had sufficiently subsided, we resumed our research and lit upon the following MS., apparently in a complete state of preservation. On first reading it, we exclaimed: "This is a corker!" Moreover, we have, despite the most strenuous efforts, failed to discover whether this ode should be read from right to left, from below upwards, or diagonally. The only theory which seemed enlightening was that we have here a translation from some dead language—such as Welsh or Latin. It is a model of terseness. No prizes are offered for the key to this ingenious epigram, anagram, cryptogram—which of these categories it belongs to we leave to the decision of diligent members of the English classes:—

Happily to thy breast we speed,
Arms twined around us, there we feed
Royally and sate our need,
Thou the oak, and we the reed.
Leaving lonesome but the weed,
Engender, O impel the seed
Yet to blossom the mighty deed.

Care thee still! For us entice
Of our ideal the pleasant spice
Lo! 'tis ours; the spin of dice—
Let Fate rumble—rolling d'vice;
Ever struggling in the vice
Gamblers defeating their aims nice,
Ennoble honour; nought the price.

The next MS., which is very fragmentary, is evidently an ancient palimpsest, since several names have been deleted

and others written in substitution. However, mindful of our duty to posterity and of the necessity for preserving materials for the future historian of our College, we transcribe *in extenso* the remains of this unfortunately incomplete epic, which is entitled:—

HARTLEY STARS.

There are many men in College
We never shall forget;
Many have left their work begun,
Their memory's living yet.
Old Mac and Alec, Tommy too,
Were known to score on score,
They now are pedagogues and we
May never see them more.

We still have stars, ay, quite as bright
As these, as we shall see,
There's R . g . . s who is never late,
What? late? how could he be?
If some riled lecturer should suggest
That he is "en retard,"
He looks quite hurt and, watch in hand,
Declares such treatment hard.

Another star is
Who said, "I am unwell"
When asked to sing a soirée song,
Of him you'll hear them tell
He's the safest of the family
(Several lines missing here).

There's Mummy too, of "Mouser" fame,
His name must be immortal
To Hartleyites as soon as they
Enter the College portal.
At "Monologue" he's simply great,
His name was made full soon,
"Count the sticks" and "Gorgonzola,"
Ho, what a hafternoon!

Here come some imperfect lines alluding to "our connoisseur in briars"; "old Father H . . ." who "at whist is very warm," and "at Cribbage takes the nob"; to "good old Chick," who "made impressions" and "*would* sing Cocka-doodledo"; also to "Ikey," who was "a martyr to hard work," and whom "we vainly tried to save."

To finish we must mention one
Whose talent all have seen
At a debate not long ago,
Sir Oliver Large I mean.
And now, as space is nearly gone,
I must lay down the pen,
Let's drink their health and sing a song
Of all our merry men.

Our spirits, which had been raised, higher than ever lark soared on gladsome pinion, by this noble and exalted celebration of the mighty heroes of yore, were plunged into an unfathomable depth of misery and dejection by the discovery of the following portions of a dirge, bearing the funereal title:—

AU RE . . . VOIR.*

A tearful parting lies before us,
Separation from maternal care,
Our Seniors, loved and loving,
Go to face the world's bold stare.
Go from the shades of the cedar tree,
From quiet seclusion and peace,
From endless mastication too,
To a life where dwells no ease.
Ah, desolate, desolate, will be the halls
Of Ancient Bevois Mount,
Ah me! Alas!

Here the letters are blurred and stained, as if written in a shower of rain—possibly by dank dew dropping from the cedar. However, the final agonies, apparently written with much-diluted ink and therefore conveying an impression of faintness, run thus:—

Necessity's law knows no appeal,
So they perforce must go,
From the spiritual airs of which Dante writes,
To where less divine winds blow.
Farewell, farewell, O Seniors beloved,
From these lines a wish you may glean,
That Heaven may bless your future years,
And keep your memories green.

THE TRAVELLING SCHOLAR.

+ + +

The following paragraphs, from the *Hampshire Independent* of November 9th, 1907, will be read with special interest by old students acquainted with Mr. R. Morley, and possibly with some envy by those of us who have no opportunity to enjoy a trip of this kind:—

"Through the good offices of Mr. J. D. Haysom, who, unfortunately, has just been compelled to retire from public work through ill-health, the Southampton Education Committee instituted early this year a Travelling Scholarship. The first holder is Mr. Morley, of Portswood School, who

*Even the title of this MS. is partially obliterated, as by a corrosive fluid, but several sagacious palaeographers to whom it has been shown have advanced the not unreasonably hypothesis that the word engraven here was *Reservoir*. The tone of this unutterable bathetic ode certainly lends colour to a suggestion of subsequent *felo de se*.

won the distinction for an Essay in a keen competition. At the last meeting of the Committee Mr. Haysom stated that Mr. Morley had made an interesting report, and a copy of this he has banded to us, in the hope that its perusal may induce a still keener competition next year. Mr. Morley's report gives an account of a journey on the Continent, together with some deductions he has been able to make on the comparative psychology of the English and French peoples. His first impression of a French town was gathered from Le Havre, which, to a certain extent, he says, may be considered the analogue of Southampton. In such an analogy Southampton has a considerable advantage. Le Havre, with few exceptions, is a town of mean and chaotic streets. . . . Walking through the fine square, the only redeeming feature of Le Havre, with its ordinary-looking Hotel de Ville, he then took the Rue de Paris, which leads out of the town on the road to the capital. He then describes Harfleur, where the most interesting thing is the parish church, with its fine tower and entrance, but the whole has that somewhat arid and sordid appearance which seems to be characteristic of the smaller French towns. 'I imagine this is due chiefly to the lack of surrounding foliage. Nearly every English village is inset with pleasant woods and approached by tree-lined lanes. But in Normandy there are no hedges, and the everlasting poplar trees accentuate the lack of suavity and flexibility in the landscape, giving it the appearance of a land cut out of paper by a boy at play. From Harfleur I turned aside to Montivillier to see a Sunday fete. The French fete is a thing of simple elements. It is a combination of the scenes at our English fairs, and an ordinary band performance in one of our English parks. But instead of a park the band plays in the open air, surrounded by little groups of people drinking their sirops at the café tables. The café stands for as much or more in France as the public-house in England. For the price of a bock you may take your stall in the theatre of humanity. The people are orderly, drinking for the most part very little, content to sit still in the sun smilingly watching the crowd, and listening to the music with that infinite capacity for extracting enjoyment out of little things, which I have found so marked a feature of the French character. The music, too, is good. Throughout there is a total absence of rowdyism, of noise, and of obtrusive flirtation. One is struck here, as in all the small towns of France, by the family life—everywhere Monsieur, Madame, and the children. . . .'

"Passing through Yvetot, which has the merit of picturesqueness, the next day's walk took him to Rouen, where he says he stayed for three days, but he gives a description of it, and adds, 'It may be Rouen itself is a town which almost defies description. In fact, it may be said, at the risk of appearing banal, that three days at Rouen with its vast crowd of historical associations is worth many months' reading of the printed page.'"

"From Rouen, weary of walking, I took the train to Paris. The French trains are certainly no improvement upon the English. The third class carriages resemble the old style of those on the London underground, and the speed is very low. Most of the passengers are of the working class, the type of people who ordinarily travel third in England preferring to travel second in France. Very few stations have refreshment rooms, and the travellers prefer to bring their own food with them, which they eat during the long waits in the larger stations. They are very liberal in extending an invitation to the meal to the stranger, as I found somewhat to my embarrassment. I stayed in Paris for eight days, and managed during that time to see most of the principal features of interest. . . . Paris is a city lacking in romantic attraction. It is a town which owes its beauty to perfection of form. It shows all the French passion for logic; it is a town of straight and orderly streets, of methodical squares, of regulated distances, a very syllogism of a city.

It lacks all the epic grandeur of London. Like the French drama, it preserves the unities. One is struck at first by the extraordinary cleanliness of the place; the public monuments, which would be left to be engrimed with dust in London, are kept scrupulously clean. On every side there is attention to artistic detail, the very lamp-posts are in their way models of careful decorative work. After obtaining a general impression of the city by day and by night, one naturally turns to a more detailed examination of the famous buildings and museums. For me, the chief attraction in the Louvre lay in the famous collection of Greek sculpture. As Rouen throws a flood of light on mediævalism, these greatly enlarge one's conception of the Greek ideal. I cannot, of course, describe these things in technical language. I can only say that they have left on my mind an almost bewildering impression of grace and beauty.

. . . The Luxembourg is a revelation in the capacities and extent of modern art. . . . The churches are, after the cathedrals of Rouen, somewhat disappointing. The famous Notre Dame is not so fine in outward appearance as its namesake of Rouen, although, perhaps, the feeling of disappointment may be due in a large measure to too vivid expectation raised by the over-much reading of the works of Victor Hugo in youth. The Madeleine is extremely modern, and looks like a theatre. Of the street scenes in Paris, undoubtedly the most impressive is that to be seen from the Place de la Concorde. There is nothing of a similar nature to compare with it in London. . . . The Seine, although it flows under the most magnificent bridges, cannot for grandeur and mystery compare with the Thames at London. It flows with a calm, regulated, measured fashion, very clean and lucid, very interesting with its stall-lined *quais*, its floating *blanchisseries*, its busy little *bateaux-mouches*. These last afford very excellent opportunities for improving one's French, as the passengers have time to spare, and are very willing to enter into conversation." Mr. Morley concludes with a brief account of his visit to Versailles. He spent another two days at Rouen, and so on to Havre home. If he were asked to sum up the benefits received from a pedagogical point of view, he should emphatically say that the journey fulfilled the object. It rendered much that before was unread and shadowy, definite and concrete; it corrected many false impressions, and it gave a fresh impulse towards that breadth of view, and catholicity of intellectual content, which assuredly are essential to all those who have dealings with those who will be the country's citizens in the years which are yet to come.

DOWN BY THE WESTERN SHORE.

▼ ▼ ▼

WHEN, in the dew of our youth and the verdancy of our ignorance, we first entered Hartley's famous pile, a magic phrase impressed our minds. New comers who, vulgarly speaking, had been "had," asked newer-comers the weighty question, "Have you been down to the Western Shore?"

The music of the phrase, and the poetic fancies it called up, made us long to enter this Eden, this "land where it was always afternoon," whose "bowery hollows were crowned with summer sea." Fate was against us. Examinations

were in full swing. Heart-sick with hope deferred, we bided our time, but at last one memorable day we went. We think we can safely say we shall never forget it. We looked, and "like the baseless fabric of a dream" our fondly pictured Western Shore vanished for ever. Where were the long grey fields? Where was the wave-kissed beach? Where were the sylvan nooks? As the poetic Cockney remarked:—

"Hecho hanswers, ware?"

We saw, instead, the broad gravel road, flanked with rows of antediluvian artillery and with backless gridiron benches. The latter were mostly decorated with supine tramps, who certainly seemed comfortable, but must have resembled corrugated zinc after their siesta. It is true that we saw some delightful little boats, but the rules, which we *always* obey, stood as an insurmountable barrier between them and us. The Pier next met our view, but time would not permit of a trial of its pleasures. We turned from the Pier towards the disappointing mainland; there we saw hills, rising tier upon tier—but 'twas bricks and mortar. Wearily we were turning from the mournful scene when we saw the fine old Walls, and for their sake we lingered.

The deserted appearance of the whole of this delightful spot suddenly put a grand idea into our minds. Instead of eating our lunch in the well(?)-ventilated Common Room, why not bring it down to this sequestered spot? The idea was no sooner thought of than put into execution. Alas! how hard our fate! We found that we were actually breaking rules to take even this mild form of relaxation. Who could tell the grief that possessed us when we realised what we had done? Who could fathom the remorse that we felt?

No more do we yearn for the Western Shore. No more will that shadowy phantom of rural bliss lead us into the paths of sin. Now always, with faces set as flints, will we fix our gaze straight up the High Street, and turn our backs forever on that scene of folly and disillusionment—the Western Shore.

THE LAMBKINS.

AN AB-NORMAL'S PLAINT.

* * *

I've been a year at College now,
Behold me tired and bored ;
In work or play I find no joy,
At Terminals I'm floored.
At home I was my parents' pride,
I ne'er felt sorrow's prick,
But here I'm simply Ezra Blobbs
Who hasn't got Matric.

They've put me in the Army, too ;
I have to bear a gun
And look an ass in khaki, for
The other fellows' fun.
I shouldn't mind the game so much
If I were in command,
But no—I'm simply Private Blobbs
Of Sergeant C*ll*ns' band.

("Band" isn't quite the proper word,
It's "Squad" or "Company,"
Or some such idiotic name,
But "Band," I used, you see,
For purposes of rhyme, you twig ;
It's rot, this writing verse,
You have to mix your words up so
And be so very terse).

When I was six I used to yearn .
To be a soldier boy,
An officer in red and gold,
Just like a painted toy :
But ne'er I thought I'd come to this,
A private in the "G's,"
A Company that's rudely called
The "broken-down-gee-gees."

In boyhood days I used to think
That football was a game
At which a chap might play with zest
Without becoming lame.
But Rugger ! Oh, my first wild scrum !
The bruises on my shin !
And oh ! the chap that collared me
And well-nigh broke my chin.

Now, Soccer was a gentle game,
 We mildly toed the ball ;
 But Rugger ! Oh, my two black eyes !
 The bumps where I did fall !
 When limping off the field I cried,
 Amid derisive jeers,
 " Now, by my broken nose, I swear
 I'll play no more "—loud cheers.

Ere long, as was my custom when
 I was a gay P.T.,
 I smiled upon a College maid
 And thought she'd smile at me.
 Alas ! she frowned ; I turned away
 And then the Rules I saw—
 The sexes must keep separate—
 'Tis the inviolate law.

You must not talk, you must not look,
 For that is rude and bold,
 And if by chance you catch her glance.
 See that your eyes are cold.
 At soirées, if not gated, you
 May thaw a little while—
 Talk shop to her, e'en dance with her,
 But, never, never smile.

Once at Debate I rose to speak ;
 The subject—Evolution—
 I thought afforded me a chance
 To air my elocution ;
 A few weak words and then a pause,
 And then a flying tater—
 I sat me down with broken crown
 And fumed like Etna's crater.

Then in the lab. one day I tried
 To air my P.T. knowledge,
 I thought myself the smartest man
 That ever went to College.
 But great the fall of swanky Blobbs—
 The lecturer was sarky—
 You know the lab., where wintry days
 It is so very parky.

(" Parky "—that's slang for " cold," of course ;
 Sorry I had to use it,
 Having this gift of flowing verse
 I shouldn't so abuse it.

"Swank," too, and "sark"—more slang again,
 But then in Coll., you know,
 Such terms as "rotter," "swank," and "swot"
 Just now are all the go).

At last I found a snug retreat,
 The good old Common Room,
 Where one may lie and doze and dream
 In smoky odorous gloom.
 But even here I often find
 My dreams are rudely stopped
 By some stray inkpot hurtling by,
 Or in my wide mouth dropped.

Oh, for some Lotus-eaters' land
 Where I might find repose,
 Reclining 'neath a sheltering palm,
 Forgetting all my woes.
 Oh, for a slave to fan my brow,
 A slave to light my whiff,
 And oh! for someone else's brains
 To get me through Certif.!

W. F. P.

TWO YEARS WITH A MUSICIAN.

✦ ✦ ✦

Whether it has been my misfortune or good luck to be partnered with a musical genius, will be left for the readers to judge, but that their impartial sympathy will be bestowed in the right direction after they have perused this article, there is no doubt.

But first let it be stated that my musical education has not been neglected and, although not strictly classical, was improved by the existence of a variety theatre in the neighbourhood, and the presence, next door, of a Salvation Army soloist, who played the cornet with one hand and accompanied himself on the piano with the other. These instruments added much to my general happiness, and helped to stimulate my enthusiasm for melody, which I hoped would be sustained, is not cultivated, by the comradeship of a musician. Hence when my musical friend took up his residence at my abode, I welcomed his advent as a gift from above. Here, I thought, was the man who could enlighten me on all the classics, who

could enchant me with the operas, who could, in his leisure, relate to me the evolution of music from Tubal Cain to Elgar.

That my surmise was correct I soon discovered, for my co-boarder's detailed knowledge of the masters was amazing, and his practical acquaintance with the organ and piano in the corner of the room caused me great delight. For a time I was oblivious of the struggle for existence, and seemed in the midst of an eternal harmony that had escaped from some higher sphere to play mysteriously on my heart strings, and to stir my inmost soul with streams of sublime melody. Indeed, my life can be better imagined than described during our first term together. But towards the end of the second term, things seemed to undergo a gradual change. My friend dropped his harmonious rhythm, and appeared to have taken me into his confidence, by an endeavour to acquaint me casually with the oratorios. Sometimes after a hard day's work he would take up Brahms' "Requiem," and instruct me in "fugal entries." I would lie back in my easy chair and lazily nod my head in assent, but really not comprehending the thing one jot. In the midst of my quiet nap he would sit at the harmonium and render a Bach's fugue with clashing celerity—enough to rouse the dead. Now if there is anything that agitates me it is a flighty fugue, and when that fugue is executed on a discordant harmonium, my indignation is not diminished. I protested, but the musical instinct is so strongly imbued in my friend, that any reproof from so unaccomplished a youth as I fell upon deaf ears, and generally ended disastrously—especially so for the harmonium.

It may astonish the peculiarly perceptive person if I reveal one or two secrets not connected with the external life of this profound and inoffensive individual, but which make their presence felt keenly in privacy and home-life. I must confess that he has one bad fault, unfortunately. He is seized with an insatiable craze for writing music. He will scrape away with his pencil and rubber, putting in a note here and there, and hum and whistle for hours at a stretch, whilst I solemnly sit pondering with a Bible in my hand, and wonder whether Job was so sorely afflicted with musicians. No doubt things would go along swimmingly if only I were stone deaf, but being possessed of auditory organs of unusually large dimensions, I catch sounds that to the ordinary person would appear inaudible, and the incessant din of a blue-bottle-like buzz on one's nerves does not tend to alleviate one's sufferings.

Now I have no desire to depreciate composing. It is a science and an art worthy of the noblest, an admirable hobby

—providing the writer confines himself to the strict semaphore system, and does not emphasise his signs with a superfluity of cat-calls and grunts. I am sure all can appreciate the music of a fine choir or band. I can even tolerate the din of a phonograph or siren, but when a single individual endeavours to combine in his own person the concentrated essence of four distinct voices, when he supplements the deed with acrobatic movements of the limbs in imitation of an orchestral accompaniment, and has the liberty to imbibe tea between successive crochets, surely the case is a sad one.

Oh that the gentle reader could see my friend at meal times! Our repast is as pathetic as it is painful, often have I saved him from imminent death with the help of water and a hard thump. Without the intervention of a miracle, I, am positive my dear friend will be suffocated, gurgling music. At luncheon he will sit opposite me with his MSS. in one hand and eatables in the other, executing rapid fugal movements amidst distracting and idiotic motions. His head will nod, his fingers drum, and his neck stretch like a trombone, in order to reach the required note.

Even night, with its enchantments, has no fascination for me. I am bored by incessant buzzing, which can only be likened to the continuous din of a dynamo. Dreams seldom trouble me, but the other night as I lay awake in bed I experienced a sensation of a peculiar nature. It seemed as though an infernal machine had been placed beneath the counterpane, and the hum which emanated from its precincts literally made my hair stand erect. I gripped the sheets in fear; every second seemed an hour, but as eternity appeared a good distance off I plucked up courage and peeped above the sheets. Imagine my relief on finding that all my anxiety was caused by the buzz proceeding from the next room. How annoyed I felt. Had it not been for disturbing the household I am sure the water-jug would have been the only missile that would have allayed my indignant feelings.

In fairness to my friend, it is only right to say that he is not responsible for all my immediate anxiety, but I am strung up to such a pitch that I find musical rhythm in the most delicate and harmless sounds. Even his regular breathing irritates me. It is—doh-tee, doh-tee.

Frequently my friend will come aloft merrily, "fluttering and dancing in the breeze," as is his usual wont. Once in bed he will shake the mattress in convulsive throbs in imitation of Tschaikowsky's "1812," or "The Ride of the Valkyries." Lately he has been seized with a new craze.

At four in the morning he will sit up in bed, and, with reverberated shrieks enough to freeze one's soul, yell—"Watchman, will the night soon pass." Unfortunately a shower of boots and other articles makes no impression, but only tends to encourage his barbarous proclivities—

"I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
And look upon myself and curse my fate."

Thus bored day and night by sounds, musical and other, I jog along from week to week insensible to pain or pleasure. Worn out in body and jaded in spirit, I struggle to exist in spite of all. O, gentle reader, I crave your compassion, and when next you applaud the fine work of my illustrious friend, do not forget to cast a lingering thought in the direction of his hapless companion, who, pent up in the same dismal chambers, has received a thousand times the brunt of his friend's musical composition in its most multifarious and distracting forms.

S.P.

A THICKHEAD'S THANKS,

* * *

Out of my many tasks that are
Insufferable and deadly dull,
I gladly thank my lucky star
For my impenetrable skull.

To dismal rooms in lecture-hours
I go and sit but listen not,
I will not wreck my mental powers
With taking in such t . mmy r . t.

Beyond this place of learned gloom
The footer field is calling me ;
I'll leave the Tartarean tomb
And hasten whither I'll be free.

It matters not how they may state
Their maths. or classics, dry and dull ;
I am the master of my pate,
I am the captain of my skull.

W.F.P.

OBSCURE PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

▼ ▼ ▼

WE feel sure that our readers (so many of whom were unavoidably absent from the lecture) will share our gratitude to our anonymous, but kindly, contributor for the following summary, which has been specially prepared for the Magazine:—

The fourth of the series of Public Lectures, by means of which the College hopes to fulfil its function as a disseminator of thought and culture to the Southampton public, was delivered in the College Hall on the 27th of January. The title of the lecture, "Some obscure Psychical Phenomena," seemed, by its hint of mystery, to have proved attractive to "the man in the street"—and others, for there was a good-sized audience, and all seemed to have anticipated that they were to be entertained with something "creepy"—"spooks," Mahatmas, what not?—perhaps even with subjects of Biblical controversy from the Witch of Endor to the Gadarene swine.

They were, however, first obliged to swallow a good stiff dose of technical psychology, "streams of consciousness," no less. (It is all in the books, but then not everybody knows that.) Joking apart, the lecturer first laid a basis on which to found his explanation of the strange things afterwards narrated. The consciousness of a person who is awake is knit together by more or less definite purposes and desires, and these prevent him from noticing everything that meets his eye (a man absorbed in thought often noticing nothing in his surroundings), still more from remembering countless facts that have occurred in his presence. But sometimes in dreams these impressions, not noticed before, are recovered, and, if the waking consciousness, which during sleep is cut off from the part of the brain where those dreams hold their revels, can revive and catch them at their play, we may discover all sorts of things of which we previously have had no knowledge. Dr. Ross then went on to explain how in hypnotism a person is artificially put to sleep, at the same time as a great part of his brain is in touch with the hypnotiser, and how the hypnotised person can act and speak in many ways as though he were awake—in fact, do anything but exert his power of willing or of critical discernment; the critical and purposive self-consciousness is at rest, cut off from the remainder of the brain, and the subject can be imposed on in all sorts of ways. But, on the other hand, many useful suggestions can be given, suggestions which will work even after the hypnotic trance is over. Thus many people suffering from morbid affections (dipsomania among them) are much benefited by hypnotic treatment.

Sleep-walking—as in Lady Macbeth—is merely a spontaneous hypnotic trance, and such phenomena show that a lower and very different consciousness may intervene from time to time in a person's life. The existence of this second consciousness is (curiously enough) unknown to the main or waking self, though the lower consciousness generally is aware of the higher.

The audience began to brighten up when the case of the poor French girl was described, the girl who acted over in her sleep-walking fits her previous dreadful sufferings. This case was specially interesting because now the girl, when normal, was unaware both of her sleep-walking and of the actual harrowing experiences which had affected her so deeply.

Next we had described to us the more developed cases, where the second consciousness comes in, not merely in a sleep-walking fit, but extends over considerable periods. Here the person affected may behave like an ordinary being, the chief point being that the character is quite different, and when the primary consciousness recurs it has complete oblivion for everything done in the secondary state. But these secondary states are sometimes many in number. They are then generally ignorant of each other's existence, and sometimes, too, the memory of the previous life is more or less completely gone. Poor Mary Barnes, with her ten personalities, was the typical instance. It seems very strange that one personality should be able to split into ten. But we must remember that some of these secondary selves were very incomplete. No. 10, whose wonderfully artistic drawings were shown to the audience by means of the lantern, was blind, deaf, dumb, and practically imbecile. At the same time the artistic power, which was not shared by any of the other selves, was undoubted. Perhaps the hopelessly unmathematical student would not mind "splitting up" in the examination hall and letting loose the mathematical genius which is at other times undiscoverable by even his most partial friend.

Lastly came the case of saintly Miss Beauchamp, who, in addition to having very poor health, was plagued by a secondary self which came and went, controlling her limbs and actions and leading her into scrapes. The poor girl would wake up, unconscious of what she (or rather the other self) had been doing during her previous state, and find herself in a peck of trouble. This mischievous, childish, alternative self was called "Sally." She was "the girl who wouldn't grow up," and was really a very entertaining person. Miss Beauchamp had also a third self, who was a hard and unscrupulous woman of the world. Dr. Prince was enabled to treat the case successfully by his discovery of the fact that all three selves—the saint, the child, and the woman—were incomplete, mere parts of the real Miss Beauchamp. So he (though with great difficulty) persuaded "Sally" to depart to her own place, united the other two in the hypnotic trance, and then bade the true Miss Beauchamp awake with all her memories. The audience fully appreciated the significance of this successful piece of psychical synthesis, and applauded warmly. This encouraged the lecturer to bring on his peroration (it was time, too—nearly ten o'clock!), with poetry and the usual sort of thing. He mercifully translated the Pindar, and everything ended happily. It is rumoured that a number of people said nice things to the lecturer afterwards.

NOTE.—Owing to the telephonic apparatus, especially installed for the occasion, between Bevois Mount and the Hall, not working very efficiently, a verbatim report was out of the question. Our reporter, however, had telepathic visions from time to time of what was going on, and claims to have seen the slides.—Ed. H.U.C.M.

THE GOWN SPECTRE. ❧ ❧

Who can it be in that sombre gown
Pacing the corridor up and down,
With visage as glum as an orthodox clerical's
Railing at science for mocking at miracles?

Is it an abbot, a priest, or a monk
 Who has worked himself up to a frenzy of funk,
 And, robed in a garment so weird and fantastical,
 Blends chemical symbols with ecclesiastical,

Thinking perchance by alembic attraction
 He'll transmute base metals by some new reaction,
 That will settle all differences by its affinity
 'Twixt Chemical Science and that of Divinity?

Is it a mummy who long ago thrived
 In Egypt, now back to existence revived,
 Unable at rest in his grave to repose,
 Returned to warn students of o'erhanging woes?

Is it the sprite of some ancient magician,
 Wizard, astrologer, scribe, or physician,
 Deep-versed in primitive legend and knowledge
 (Prototypes, all represented in College)?

Or is it (the question must out, though uncivil),
 Black-garb'd and black-visag'd—Oh, is it the ——"?"
 But hush these vain queries, for fear he should tackle us,
 And carry us off in a manner miraculous!

Who *can* it be in that sombre gown
 Pacing the corridor up and down,
 Spectre, goblin, ghoul—what is it
 Paying this unwelcome visit?

"QUOT HOMINES, TOT SENTENTIAE."

+ + +

"Execrable"! cried a weakly vacillating voice. "I repeat, sir," it continued, "I repeat that, I persevere in my affirmation—yes, *all* the psychic factors or their physical allies—*all*, execrable." The owner of the voice reiterated his remarks with additional emphasis. He was the Professor in the Faculty of Mental and Moral Engineering, and without a doubt was annoyed. But his annoyance imbibed added vigour from the moody silence prevailing among his confrères. They evinced no outward recognition of his observations. The speaker was obviously annoyed.

There was another pause. A lean member of the gathering, radiating with suppressed hauteur, arose with some display of ceremonious deportment. All eyes were at once turned upon

him; their respective owners leaned forward expectantly. Still silence :— " Supererogation—is—not—my—forte—I—that is—you—" he halted. " I shall—resume my—my consideration of the—er—question—next day—I—next day." The eyes which followed him remained rivetted upon the door for five minutes, and then wearily resumed their monotonous task of regarding their neighbours on either side alternately, with expressionless seal-like gaze. The clock ticked on. One minute, two minutes; tick, tick became tick-tock. Tick-tock resolved into tickety-tock and tockety-tick.

A stir in one of the recesses, and the cause loomed into view. One of the younger members popped out of his seat and, heedless of the disapproval of his elders, thus spake :— " He's a fishy customer, through and through. S'pose we shove 'im under the table when he comes to-morrow. He'd make a swell foot-war—" " Oh, *do* shut up," interjected an athletically-built individual, somewhat more wideawake than the rest. " Do switch off"; and as he was the larger of the two the cause of the altercation deemed it politic not to dispute the matter. " You are quite shocking," murmured a feminine voice. " Awful," agreed a second. After silencing the cause of his displeasure, the athletic one slowly rotated his massive headpiece through a goodly angle, meanwhile eyeing his colleagues with a general bearing of admiring complacency. He adjusted his spectacles, and turning his attention to a meek-eyed entity wearing a perpetual smile, tempered by an air of docility, interrogated his subject, " When is your exeat terminable, Cheshire "? " I'll see you lata as regahds that," was the reply, after some cogitation, and in a peculiar accent; one was reminded of the laconism of a Yorkshire farmer. His countenance was smooth, peculiarly inviting, when a sudden gleam flashed across his face as the result of some internal humour. " This is a slow biz.," commented a neatly attired member of the conference; " What do you say." The person accosted was possessed of unusually rubicund visage—the effect, as he frequently averred, of fishing expeditions. A handsome, though somewhat assertive cloak of silk, swathed his portly form. His manners, his garb, the general deference offered him by the majority of those present, marked him as a person of importance. " Gentlemen," he remarked, " or berter, Ladies and Gentlemen (correcting himself), I have observed that I act apparently as a unit of maximum potentials." He surveyed his listeners learnedly. " You are constantly oscillating around me as a central axis," he resumed, " Your moment of inertia"— " Insomnia is not incurable," interrupted someone savagely.

"Your moment of inertia is dependent upon its axis—upon me." "Upon me," he repeated. "I am of consequence, so shall——." Two or three of his less dormant listeners darted forward, horrified. "Social"! shrieked a portly man in flowing robes." "Social"! screamed a chorus of voices. "Whether it be A Priori or whether it be A Posteriori, to my exalted conception——." "Where had the French Bean? That's a corker for you."—"Lemme see, where did we leave off last time? We've a terrible lot to do to-day——." "That reminds me," interrupted a sometime ninety-ninth wrangler in dignified tones, "That reminds me that I have not completed my dissertation upon golf balls and thunderstorms and insects and saucers and——."

The rest was lost. All seemed revived. A rush was made for the exit. Chairs were overturned, and gowns were torn and faces were maltreated. "I have to fill thirteen blackboards," despairingly wailed the meek-eyed one, in his fruitless endeavours to press through the throng. "My frogs will die—oh, who will save my frogs," and the savant of golf-balls longingly caressed two frogs, ceaselessly jumping in two buckets suspended over a *smooth* pulley. "Hold, make way," pitifully implored the gentleman of the beautiful robes, "I shall be scentless—my Parma violets—have mercy"! In agonizing tones, voices from beneath the struggling mass cried for milk and buns, and tea and cushions. The door crashed open unable to withstand the pressure. Up dashed the athletic individual puffing and blowing and ruddy. As lightning flew the weak-voiced one. All were scattered, each rushing to his or her destination. All is once more lone and silent. Tick-tock, tickety-tickety tock. *Suns cuique mos.*

JOSE

THE SONG OF THE SWOT.

* * *

With tired and aching head,
 With worn and weary eyes,
 A student pored o'er "Areop.,"
 Who would not sympathise?
 Slog—slog—slog!
 Trying to master the lot,
 But she gave it up at one o'clock
 And sang the "Song of the Swot"!

"Work, work, work!
 Till the brain begins to swim,
 Work, work, work!
 Till the eyes grow heavy and dim.
 Psych., and English and Maths.,
 Maths., and English and Psych.,
 Till I fall asleep and dream of Play,
 And wonder what it's like."

"Oh! profs. with sisters dear!
 Oh! profs. with mothers and wives!
 It is not men you're wearing out,
 But women students' lives!
 Swot, swot, swot!
 'Tis a thing we dare not shirk,
 And we long for the 'joys' of life from home'
 In this atmosphere of work."

"Work, work, work!
 My poor brain never rests,
 And what are its wages? A few stray marks,
 More swot—and then more tests;
 No social life, not a public lec.,
 Debates a thing of the past;
 I can't lose more, so I wont deplore,
 But swot to the very last."

J.E.B.²

 OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

* * *

WE beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the following:—1, *The Gryphon* (Leeds); 2, *Cap and Gown* (South Wales U.C.); 3, *The Gong* (Nottingham); 4, *Q.C.B.* (Belfast); 5, *The Carmarthen* (South Wales T.C.); 6, *St. David's College Magazine*; 7, *The Sphinx* (Liverpool); 8, *The Phoenix* (Royal College of Science); 9, *The Students' Magazine* (Reading); 10, *Floreamus!* (Sheffield); 11, *The Dragon* (Aberystwyth); 12, *The Goldsmithian* (Goldsmith's College); 13, *The Wintonian*; 14, *The Students' Magazine* (Royal Albert Memorial College); 15, *Sotoniensis*.

The Gryphon gives us another very readable number. The prose articles are better than the verse, with one exception. This is a short piece by an unknown poet, which for elegance

of diction, sweetness of expression, and sublimity of conception far surpasses the best passages of Milton. It is here quoted in full :—

“ Though I’ve spent many hours with a crammer,
I shall barely get through with a γ,
But that girl over there
With the golden-red hair
Will get a “first” easily—bless her little heart.”

We advise the author to apply for a position on the staff of the *Daily Mail* or *Tit-Bits*, or some other journal of equal literary value. Then the oft-heard complaint of the decline of English Literature will be heard no more, and joy will return to the student, tired of reading and hearing low-class verbiage.

Cap and Gown is the best of all the magazines we have received. It is one that can be read with pleasure by anyone not a student of the College—a very rare virtue in College magazines. There is a review of a valuable new book, “Ethnology in a College,” in which the critic shows how humanity is divided into student and professor, these being “courtesy titles for men who know and men who think they know.” One would deduce that this article was written by a student, as also this :—“Advertiser wishes to exchange Professor, suitable for sandwich man, for well-seasoned pipe.” We draw a remarkable statement from the athletics notes at the end. One of the ladies’ hockey matches was scratched, as the year before several members had become ill owing to excitement, and the match interfered with their work. “Became ill owing to excitement!” O, ye gods, what *esprit de corps*!

The Sphinx is awakening and growing warlike. In a stirring leader examination reform is demanded : “No EXAMINATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION!!” With Sam Weller, we applaud the principle, while doubting whether the interest of students lies in this direction. The result of such reforms would probably be something of this sort :—Explain and comment fully on : (a) *Cæsar adsum jam forte* ; (b) because the higher the fewer, a mouse is when it spins ; (c) too many rags break the *piece*. The Reading men are very wicked (semble). They dream of the time when they shall hold interviews with the profs., the latter being in anything but a dignified position, and these wicked men (the students.—ED.) try to wax funny on the subject. Children, do not be sacrilegious : speak softly of the gods, or they will sit on ye, and their burden is heavy. The peculiar thing about this

magazine is the huge mass of advertisements, 18 pages, there being 33 pages of *reading* matter (pun accidental). We congratulate the magazine on securing such a valuable source of income, and wish that we could get as much from our own town.

St. David's College Magazine and the *Wintonian* are examples of parched and withered dryness. The former makes an attempt to be humorous by putting two pieces of "poetry" together in the middle, but these only make a ghastly contrast to the rest of the mag. The *Wintonian*, however, does not even do this. Column after column of heavy prose stares out on the reader, whose brain reels under the strain. We have no desire to be rude to you, O Wintonians, but you might mix a little jam in with the powder. You cannot get a big circulation while you offer matter dull enough for a senior "mop-out."

The Dragon has a long account of its Debating Society, which seems to have an undue importance at Aberystwyth. The people at Aberystwyth seem, by the way, to be a very learned and sedate set; they fill up their pages with degree lists, reminiscences, lists of students, and so on. Unconscious satire creeps in at one point: "It doesn't require any unusual ability to sell tickets, or collect subs., or even to compose a topical song." If the anonymous author of this statement will try any of these diverting occupations for a week he will change his mind. It is easier for a student to get a degree than for any man to screw a subscription out of any student without a month's badgering.

The *Goldsmithian* has brought out a poor, cheap-looking article—a danger to the eyes, so bad is the print, a wretched little rag. The editor, with sublime irony, talks about the new cover and new format, which he hopes will be acceptable and pleasing. For the students' sake, go back to your old "format," Mr. Editor, and give us something we can read with pleasure, not an object resembling a cheap edition of a penny novelette.

FORTY YEARS HENCE.

+ + +

Hark to the sounds that fill the place,
From the Den they're borne along,
Tenor and baritone and bass,
'Tis the Hartley College Song!

Just look inside—you can't see far
 For the clouds of baccy smoke.
 But note that swank, like a blooming Tsar,
 And that swotter, named "the Moke."

The man with the dazed and dreamy look,
 His head crammed with knowledge tight,
 Who sits and pores o'er the dullest book
 Till the witching hour of night,
 Says, "naught they think of future needs
 While sports, cards. and pipes they've got,
 But for ' forty years hence ' I sow the seeds,
 In the boundless realm of swot."

Another man laughs, as down he flings
 His book with "Avaunt, dull stuff";
 He shouts and sings till the C.R. rings,
 "For me, sport and fun are enough."
 At pun and jest he's quite immense,
 His friendship is firm and fast;
 The swot wins now, but "forty years hence"
 In the race of life he'll be last.

The future stretches before us yet
 But whether we sink or swim,
 The good old College we'll ne'er forget
 Nor let its mem'ries grow dim.
 When, "forty years hence," we near our goal,
 And some will have crossed the line,
 May our voices roll from pole to pole
 In an endless Auld Lang Syne.

OLD KING COLE.

A COLLEGE SONG. X X

• • •

As usual, private enterprise has stepped in and provided what communal lethargy has failed to produce. Some four years ago, amid much noise and enthusiasm, a College Song Committee was elected. It met, it deliberated, it spent money, it collected information from many sources, it offered rewards, it fulminated threats, it made appeals—but it got no song. Hence, even more unhappy than the mythical swan, songless it died. About two years later another effort was made, another committee elected, another series of appeals

and protestations inaugurated. This time it was not wholly in vain; the Magazine profited by some pretty verse, but among it was *not* the College song.

Now comes Mr. C. T. Smith, whose musical ability is well known, and he, setting to vigorous and attractive music some words of James Montgomery :

" Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory "

provides the students of the College what they have long sought—a vehicle of chastened emotion, a civilised mode of conveying enthusiastic *esprit de corps*, all their own.

We congratulate Mr. Smith on his patriotic effort, and we hope that means will be found to keep this song alive as a continual bond of union among Hartley students, past, present, and future.

F. J. C. H.

HOME-LIFE OF MARSH BIRDS.*

* * *

THIS delightful book, a copy of which should be in the hands of everyone interested in bird-life, contains thirty-two beautiful photographic plates, and includes interesting accounts of the habits and homes of some birds which frequent marshes and ponds. When will teachers, and especially future teachers taking Day Training courses, realise that a real live book like this, based on patient and continuous observations, is worth a score of the scrappy works, still so much in vogue, on "Nature Study?" However, if we let loose our spleen and say a tithe of the dreadfully severe things we should like to say on this subject, our space would be exhausted.

Of the many good things in this charming book, we select Ch. I., on Grebes and Coots (by Miss Turner), and ch. VII., on a nesting colony of White-headed Gulls (by Mr. Bahr) for special mention. In each case the author has patiently watched the birds and their home-life day by day, cheerfully enduring great personal discomfort and being rewarded by obtaining unique photographs, in addition to many details of the birds' habits which were not previously known. It need

*By Emma L. Turner, F.L.S., and P. H. Bahr, B.A. Witherby & Co., London: 2s. 6d. net.

hardly be pointed out that this continuous observation method is infinitely superior in its results to the greatly over-rated "touch-and-go" snap-shooting which has led to nothing more than the publication of an alarming number of bird-photographs in various pretty but, from the scientific point of view, practically worthless books.

Here are some selections from Miss Turner's chapter on Grebes and Coots:—"In May, 1905, I spent some eight hours a day for ten days side by side with these beautiful birds (Great Crested Grebe), hidden from their view in a small duck-punt and cheered from time to time during my long hours of waiting by the exquisite song of a Reed-Warbler close at hand, and also by the antics of a Water-Vole which greatly coveted my hiding-place and made several attempts at establishing a home for himself in my shelter. . . . Preparations for photographing these birds were begun some days before the actual photographs were taken. . . . Little by little the punt, in which I hid myself and my camera, was edged nearer and nearer to the nest, and each day a few reeds were cut away, until a clear field was made for my lens. The punt was completely covered with rough litter, beneath which I was hidden with my camera. The first picture represents the male bird on the nest with crest erect, listening to a few low-spoken remarks upon his beauty which fell from my lips. It is a curious fact that extremely shy birds, which will vanish at the slightest click made by the camera or the mere snapping of a twig, will manifest considerable interest in the sound of a human voice, and by means of a few well-chosen words I have often made birds assume just the attitude I might require." Miss Turner gives a vivid and lively account of two nests—one of Great Crested Grebe, the other of the Coot—which were close together, and which she watched for some weeks. "On May 18th I first became acquainted with these two families of birds, little dreaming that I should be allowed to pry into the sacredness of their domestic affairs. That day I took four pictures of the female Coot and Grebe on their respective nests; there they sat in solemn silence all day, sometimes facing each other, sometimes back to back, but generally looking in my direction. . . . On May 21st the nests presented a most disorderly appearance, so that I feared rats had destroyed them, but on pushing up close to the Coot's nest out tumbled two animated balls of fluff which at once found a hiding-place in the reed beds. There were as well two warm eggs in the Grebe's nest. So, hastily slipping into my hiding-place, I anxiously awaited results. The Coot soon returned with her two chicks, and the latter found climbing

into the nest a much more arduous undertaking than the roll out had been; but all of them settled down comfortably, and by-and-by the male Coot came with food. In a few minutes the Grebe also returned, and, jerking herself on to the nest, proceeded to uncover her eggs; but instead of settling herself she exhibited unusual excitement. Suddenly she stood up, uttering a curious cry, and at the same moment her mate returned with a tiny Grebe chick. A great deal of delighted conversation ensued, both parents being evidently gratified with the way in which their first-born 'took to the water.' It is impossible to describe in words the variety of tones in their 'baby language' which the old birds used when talking to their chicks."

We would, however, strongly recommend all who are interested in nature study to get this entertaining and instructive book for themselves. It is an excellent half-crown's worth.

THE LITTLE-GO. X X

+ + +

(Suggested by a pitiable spectacle occasionally on view
in the College library).

Before I crammed for Little-Go,
I thought the classics dry,
Abstruse, recondite, useless, so
I learned no Greek but π
And such signs mathematical,
As nearly all
Maths' students know.

But since six weeks or more I've had
To cram both Greek and Latin—
And all their secrets, I may add,
I'm getting fairly pat in—
I think, now I have got so far,
The Classics are
Well, not so bad.

But more I've had to do, besides
The laws which Goodwin states—
A stunning play by Euripides
And Plato on Socrates;
And now I feel compassion for
The man who lore,
Antique derides.

And even paradigms, you know,
 Have uses not a few.
 At golf, I deal the turf a blow—
 I do not curse like you;
 But to the winds of heaven I give
 An optative
 Or δ , η , $\tau\delta$.

E.H.W.

GEO-POLITICS. \propto \propto

* * *

We had a very entertaining evening when Dr. Emil Reich visited the College at the end of November. His fame had preceded him, and we came curious to discover the secret power by which Dr. Reich fascinates his audiences, and can persuade even duchesses to dip into Platonism. Platonism, however, was off for the night; the "Geo-political factors" in historical events and movements formed the subject of the evening's discourse. "Very improving" the students no doubt thought at first, wondering if this were a fresh device for adding to the number of "subjects" that must be "got up" for terminals. But if their minds were improved, the process was at least pleasant. To begin with, there was much piquancy in the personality of the lecturer. The continental (was it not mostly German?) accent, together with an undoubted command of the English language, which, however, did not prevent a foreign idiom slipping out occasionally, and the vivacious direct manner in which Dr. Reich confronted his audience, combined to fix the attention of all his listeners. Then there were paradoxes enough to dispel the intellectual lethargy of the most orthodox and conventional of minds. It was pleasant to have one's national vanity twitted yet not offended. People in a provincial town are the better for breathing the free air of cosmopolitanism occasionally. When a race is reminded that "Geo-political causes," and not its own innate superiority, account for most of its prosperity, a moral lesson is taught which will do much to promote international tolerance and amity.

But I am acting the part of a fussy chairman who takes too long in introducing the lecturer. What did Dr. Reich say? Well—that the race (and now-a-days every race is mixed) does not count for so much as the circumstances in which it finds itself placed; that a people that finds itself attacked by a powerful enemy, will (if it has a chance of defending itself at all) improve itself very much in the process of self-defence. Thus the Greeks, threatened by the empires of the East, and yet finding a measure of security in their islands and peninsular fastnesses, learned how to thwart the power of the civilizations which tried to absorb them. Dr. Reich thinks that they learned the trick from the Phœnicians. Then two neighbouring peoples, by means of their continual struggles, will keep each other in a high state of fitness, *e.g.*, the English and the French. In fact, international strife produces not only grit but genius! Thus England beat off the Spanish attack and produced Shakespeare, while Scotland kept the English wolf from the door and produced Napier of Merchiston! Poor old Scotland! the Students did not seem to think the theory of logarithms to be such an inestimable boon to the race. Then we had the axiom that

where there are peaks there are mountains. Hence the Corsicans, though few people seem to be aware of the fact, must be very gifted people, since they produced Napoleon. Also, and here was a pretty passage, based on some original research, the American War of Independence has its secret history. The Yankees had already learned to "fake," and the secret factor was a "Geo-political" cause as potent as the existence of gold in the Rand in the recent South-African business. To be brief, Dr. Reich maintained that the American leaders were one and all personally interested in the opening up of vast tracts of land beyond the Alleghany mountains, access to which was forbidden by the British government. These men, Washington, Franklin, Alexander, Hamilton, and the rest, took care to conceal their own private interest in the success of the rebellion, but fanned up the passions of their fellow-colonists into a blaze, and by their windy talk about the "Rights of Man," etc., magnified trifling grievances like that connected with the Tea Duty, and so achieved their ends.

The facts, it seems, have only recently come to light, and it will be interesting to hear what American historians have to say in reply. But even though Dr. Reich's charges should be fully proved, we may still ask whether his analysis of the motives which influenced the ordinary American citizen and moved him to rebel is not incomplete. Bernard Shaw seems to penetrate much nearer to the truth when he discloses to us in "The Devil's Disciple" the settled aversion of the New England people to the rule of a "pig-headed idiot" like King George or any body of unsympathetic bureaucrats at a distance of four thousand miles. It is true that the craft of the leaders may have increased the tension of the antagonism and precipitated a crisis at the opportune moment, but unless their dupes had, however dimly, perceived that a great principle was involved, the rebellion could hardly have succeeded.

For the rest, one feels that Dr. Reich's generalisations and principles of interpretation, however refreshingly illustrated and garnished with *bons mots* (e.g., "History when living is diplomacy;" "Columbus placed England in the centre of the world," &c., &c.), are somewhat too wide and vague. After all, they do not elucidate the essence of each concrete historical development, or account for its individual uniqueness. The theory of the superiority of "border nations" quoted above does not carry us very far, for, after all, nearly every people has another on its borders. Improvement depends on having people of a particular kind on your borders, stirring and capable neighbours. But the question recurs, whence do they derive their high capacity, and so on indefinitely. Not that I should try to minimize the importance of geo-political causes, and even material ones like climate and the productivity of the soil. But the way in which historical causes of all kinds blend with and modify each other is so intricate that the presence of the same factor in two different cases may mean very little. One may detect a general resemblance between the relations of England and Spain in the 16th century, and those of Greece and Persia twenty-one hundred years before. But the resemblance is merely general. History never repeats itself. It is the fountain of perpetual variety, and for this reason, it may be remarked, can never become in the strict sense a science.

In conclusion, we should urge also that undue generalising tends to make us manipulate the facts. One would like to hear more about those battles—a hundred of them, no less, in which the result of Salamis had been already rehearsed. But enough; we should, however, add that we don't like to hear the words Archimedes and Heraclitus pronounced in what is doubtless the Magyar fashion.

G. R. T. R.

A PARABLE. X X

* * *

Now very near here, so I've heard people say,
 At any rate, far on this side of the Tay,
 Dwells a farmer, who lives in a well-to-do way,
 A son of the soil and a lord of the land,
 Whose broad plough-land and pasture
 Far as you can cast your
 Eyes on at once, lie on every hand.

And besides, what has much more to do with this tale,
 He owns a fine mule, who never would fail
 To excite admiration wherever he went
 By his long hirsute tail, and his neck finely bent
 Or *arched* (which sounds well), and his smooth glossy skin,
 A valuable beast, worth no end of hard "tin."
 In fact, the Avignon Pope's mule of repute, he
 Could never *emulate* this same one in beauty.

To proceed with my lay, one day it befell
 That Hodges (his real name I fear I can't tell),
 Took it into his head that the mule was too stout,
 And became on that score very wroth and put out.
 Plump and fat as a brewer's vat,
 He's just like a barrel wrapped up in a mat;
 As round as a bottle, a tub, a tall hat,
 'Tis out of the question to tolerate that."
 So spoke Mister Hodges, and added "that's flat."

The next morn, when they turned our good mule out
 to feed,
 Instead of the mead, in which he used to lead
 So pleasant a life, what a horror indeed!
 A small plot of grass about twenty yards square
 To support and sustain him was all that was there.
 Then what a to-do! What a hullabaloo!
 Was ever mule seen in so awful a stew?

He pranced round the field, snorted, bellowed, and
 squealed,
 Threw himself at the fence, which, of course, wouldn't
 yield,
 Said he'd rather be drowned, shot, pole-axed or carved
 Into pieces than be ignominiously starved.
 Then, finding all noise to be quite ineffectual,
 Calmed down and employed his great powers intellectual.

On the following day all his anger was gone ;
 He was found meekly feeding his small plot upon,
 Quite resigned to his state,
 At so early a date,
 (After all, 'tis quite useless to fight against Fate).

So, apparently giving all useless thoughts over
 Of ever regaining his former sweet clover,
 He now is seen munching grass early and late.
 Friend Hodges is pleased at the docile submission ;
 So much clover's been saved by his beast's transposition.
 He expected a fuss ; mules are obstinate creatures,
 As you'll find if you ever endeavour to beat yours
 (He'll try hard to alter the map of your features).

But some day, if his sense of perfection's not dense,
 Hodges' joy economic won't be so intense ;
 Of his thrifty contentment he'll find himself shorn
 When on taking a stroll by his ripe standing corn,
 If he walks round the field keeping close to the edge
 He'll be *incensed*,—No, not by the "breath of the morn,"
 But by seeing a gap in the wheat—and the hedge.

And now, to conclude, these two morals I'll point.
 " Reformers, who swear that the time's out of joint,
 Do you think for your trouble you'll be reimbursed
 If you leave the last state so much worse than the first ?"
 " All ye who'd be led
 By our sly quadruped,
 Never fail to prefer half a loaf to no bread,
 The more so, if you get something better instead."

GOGUENARD.

MODERN ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

♦ ♦ ♦

AN exceedingly interesting lecture on this subject—the fifth of the series of Public Lectures for this session—was given by Mr. E. H. Dixon, B.Sc., on Wednesday, February 26th.

The lecturer began by reminding his audience that light consisted of waves of extremely small wave-length—light of each colour possessing its own special wave-length ; the longer waves between 70-75 millionths of a centimetre long produced in the eye a sensation of red, while the shorter waves between 36-40 millionths of a centimetre long produced a sensation of violet ; the other colours have a wave-length between the above limits. These waves are produced when the æther is suitably disturbed, and it is the object of all artificial sources of light to produce these disturbances in

the simplest and most economical manner. There are two chief methods of producing light electrically: (1) by incandescence, and (2) by luminescence. In the former light is produced by heating a body to a very high temperature, while in the latter we produce light with very little heat accompanying it. The lecturer then proceeded to explain the many considerations that had to be dealt with in making a fair comparison between various lights. He explained the term candle-power, and by means of a specially arranged photometer showed how the actual candle-power of a lamp could be found experimentally; it was explained that candle-power was different in different directions in the case of the majority of lamps, and therefore in stating the candle-power of an illuminant the average of all the candle-powers in the different directions was taken, and called the "mean spherical candle-power." The composition of light was then referred to, and it was stated that since our eyes have been developed under the influence of sunlight that light is likely to be most satisfactory which most closely resembles sunlight. Slides were exhibited to show the composition of white light, and of the light proceeding from the electric arc lamps, mercury lamp, etc. Reference was made to the fact that the total radiant energy emitted by an incandescent body could be measured by means of a very delicate electrical instrument called a bolometer; it could thereby be shown that the energy radiated is mainly heat energy, and of course quite invisible, and only a small fraction consisted of light energy. The fraction of the total energy actually used in producing light-waves is called the "optical or luminous efficiency." It was shown on the screen that the luminous efficiency of the sun was about 20%; that of the electric arc lamp about 1%; while all other sources of light were much inferior. Special reference was made to the light emitted by the firefly; on testing the spectrum of this light with a bolometer it was found to be entirely confined to the visible portion of the spectrum, and contained no heat energy—the luminous efficiency was therefore 100%. Obviously the firefly produced its light by some far more efficient means than any of our artificial human methods. A slide was also shown which proved that the higher the temperature to which a body was raised the greater the preponderance of visible light-waves over invisible heat-waves.

Various electric lamps depending on incandescence were then discussed, and their special features demonstrated by lantern slides and by experiments. It was stated that whenever electricity passes through a body heat is produced, and this heat depends on the current and upon the "resistance" of the body. A current of electricity was passed through a chain of alternate pieces of copper and iron wire; the iron became red hot, while the copper remained fairly cool and quite invisible. Iron wire is, however, quite unsuitable for electric lamps for the following reasons, amongst others: (1) its temperature cannot be raised sufficiently to enable it to emit white light, owing to its low melting point; (2) its "resistance" is much too small. For many years carbon wire made the only satisfactory lamps for commercial use. Slides were exhibited showing the manufacture of a carbon lamp, and a simple experiment was performed to show the necessity for keeping the glowing carbon wire in a vacuum. Lamps having filaments made of the rare metals tantalum, osmium, tungsten, &c., were then dealt with; these metals had very high melting points (in one or two cases about 2000°C), and also a high electrical resistance. An experiment was performed to demonstrate that in many cases a metallic filament lamp will give double the candle-power of a carbon lamp, and yet only consume about half the electrical energy; this is obviously a considerable improvement. The Nerust lamp was then described, and it was experimentally shown that the "glower,"

which consisted mainly of zirconia with a little yttria, is a non-conductor when cold, and must be heated before an electric current passes; the "glower" then emitted a brilliant light, and gave us a very efficient lamp.

The electric arc lamp was then explained as being produced by sending a current of electricity through vapour of carbon between 2 rods of that substance; one of the rods is thereby heated to incandescence, and gives out a dazzling light. The image of an electric "arc" was thrown on the screen, and the audience were able to see clearly the intensely hot positive carbon with the small depression or "crater" at its end, from which most of the light proceeds. The bad effects of screening or shielding the light were then briefly referred to and the special advantages of enclosed arc lamps and inverted arc lamps were explained and illustrated by working specimens.

The flame arc lamp was explained as being similar to the ordinary arc lamps, but using special carbons impregnated with salts of calcium and other metals; this enables us to obtain a large volume of flame between the two carbons, and most of the light now comes from this flame instead of from a "crater." The chief advantages are (1) much better distribution and light, and (2) higher efficiency.

The lecturer at this stage exhibited a special series of slides, whereby he clearly showed the relative efficiencies, costs of energy, &c., for various light sources, both gas and electric.

Mention was then made of a few lamps depending on the principle of luminescence. The Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapour was explained as being obtained by passing a current of electricity through vapour of mercury contained in a long "vacuum" tube; the tube hangs usually in a slanting direction, and when tilted so as to allow the mercury to start an "arc," the tube lights up with a flood of brilliant light. The light is largely composed of yellow waves and contains no red; this fact was clearly illustrated by showing that red cloth appears nearly black beneath the lamps, whereas yellow or green cloth has its colour intensified. In the Bastian Mercury lamp it was shown that the missing red rays are supplied in a very ingenious way by means of two small carbon lamps; underneath this lamp coloured materials were shown to have their ordinary colours. The Moore light was next referred to as the latest type of "vacuum tube" lamp; an electric current is passed through air, nitrogen or carbon dioxide contained in a long tube under the low pressure. In the case of carbon dioxide the resulting light is white, and under commercial conditions it was stated that the tube appeared to be full of dense white smoke. The method is largely used in the United States, where the tubes are made in lengths up to 100 or 200 feet, and the results are stated to be extremely satisfactory, both as regards distribution of the light and the cost of the electrical energy.

The lecturer concluded by thanking his assistant, Mr. Fielder, for the very efficient way in which he had helped him with the experiments, and he also acknowledged his indebtedness to various local and London firms for the loan of lamps and apparatus.

[On behalf of our readers, we would like to record our thanks to Mr. Dixon for his kindness in furnishing this résumé of his Lecture.—Ed.]

" TOPICAL CRITICISMS." ✕ ✕

♦ ♦ ♦

DURING the Christmas vacation a rumour was spread that a Hartleyan was down with brain fever. For the honour of the College, be it said, it was possible to deny this malicious report.

The "silent system" of conveying orders has been adopted by the "Gentlemen Gees". We hear that owing to this fact, a finely developed voice is for sale at the Drill Hall.

There is only one person who ever does any "thinking" in No. 28, and it appears he does not think "P.S." means "postscript."

The *Echo* reported that Boro' won the Rugger match because the team had football practice every day. But surely they have heard of the Hartley gymnasium?

Some people have been complaining of the coldness of the class-rooms this term. What a lot of consideration some people do expect!

It is said that a certain student, who has achieved scholastic success this term, thinks of starting Psychology classes for the summer vacation. Those wishing to join should apply early to avoid the crush.

Some of the Day Training students contemplate becoming "Japanned"—they think they will be able to work harder. Some have already undergone the process, and may be located in No. 28.

The *Daily Wail* notes a "decline in chess playing". We shall be sorry to suggest that Hartley is in any way responsible for this.

One Friday a student made the astonishing announcement that he had some money. We believe him, but thousands wouldn't.

The anxious enquirer as to "Can storied urn, etc.," should know that "it can't be done."

With reference to the statement that the death rate is high near Southampton West, we wonder whether this is the result of piano-tuning.

A sad state of affairs has been brought about this term by the excessive attention to the social side of life at College. Some people regard "Macbeth" as a fine "comedy"; whilst the "Dead March" has been the liveliest thing this term.

As is a bull in a china shop, so is a certain student in the SCIENCE course. He is in the wrong department. Of course, this is "only a simile on our part."

Since hearing that "blackboards" should be "green," we have been wondering what colour the ceiling should be whitewashed.

The other day, students seemed pulsating with exuberant joy—they had been mercifully relieved from attendance at "public lectures." What a ray of sunshine piercing the funereal gloom!

There seems to be a great attraction at St. Marks. We understand it is the beautiful voluntaries played by the organist. We wonder if these are adaptations of tunes composed at the College on Saturday mornings.

S. A. R. C.

FROM OUT THE DEN. x x

+ + +

TRULY it can be said that were it not for a handful of genuine Common Roomers we should soon realise that sentiment of a certain budding philosopher, psychologist and army reformer, viz: "Thar ain't gwine ter be no Common Room." However, that handful is enough to keep things afloat; for what constitutes the true C.R. spirit? is it not the puffing at a good darkened briar, clay, corncob, or calabash (not South African), and the raising of the voice (not the roof), in harmonious extracts from the poets? Who can refrain—when the larynx is not choked up with smoke—from announcing, with fugues and variations, the fact that the proverbial lamb still follows his mistress Mary and gives vent to the same warwhoop as of yore? Indeed, other animals follow too, and the relationship between them and Mary in each case, is propounded, more especially by students of Zoology. Yes! Mary and her Southdown have come to stay, but are accompanied by another dear damsel who can brew and hake, and who in fact is thoroughly domesticated, though still of tender years, together with an elderly person who is always up to some trickery.

It has been said that the Hartley Rugby Team—first fifteen—has lost its matches through lack of practice. Whatever may be the case, nobody would venture to suggest that these muddled oafs were at sea in the scrums; at least they ought not to be, for have not the more demure denizens realised, at the cost of their lives almost, that the noble body of brawny men seen in such a conglomeration in the middle of the den, is but the Rugger team 'scrumping up'? How these impromptu scrimmages tell in matches! And really good work has been done in this direction too; for how many chairs, tables etc., have—"nuff sed."

THE porters reaped quite a harvest of buttons, studs, pieces of cloth, and fragments of scalps after the Bedlamic fray between the supporters of the rival Soccer team of Pompey and Saints. Our poor overworked landladies look forward with much fervour to this annual tussle, for what pleases them more than to be able to do a little patching and sewing for the poor students? Needless to say the sixpence for extras is not left off the bill at the end of the week.

AWAKEN! O ye worshippers of my Lady Nicotine and ye admirers of Phœbus. "Get a hustle on you" and make the most of the whole quarter of an hour, or more often than not, the ten minutes—the other five or more being spent in a lecture immediately preceding the interval—that you can devote to the Den.

APOLLO.

ECHOES FROM THE SANCTUM.

▼ ▼ ▼

THERE have been many reforms introduced by the Committee this session. "Tidiness is a virtue," etc., carried out by the absence of bags at 11.15 a.m. An energetic inhabitant tried hard to form a "Female Voice Choir," but, owing to the fact that the singing disturbed the peace of the lunch party next door, she was promptly squashed. The songs were choice, and would have formed an item on the programme at the next Social Function. Apparently all our efforts are in vain this year. The idea of a good tea was quelled; reasons—(1) it was a Social Function; (2) it was not necessary for the health of the students. The furniture has been kept in a very good condition so far—really P.S. is some good after all! There is a fire in the W.C.R., but why do seniors retire to No 28 during the Interval? The Committee wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who have so generously decorated the Women's Common Room (summaries and notices excepted).

R. T. R.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

✦ ✦ ✦

On November 29th the last debate of the session was held, the subject of discussion being Women's Suffrage. There was much able pleading and discussion on both sides, and at the close the house divided. The motion was declared lost by a large majority, it being a significant circumstance that the proportion of women voting against the motion was greater than the proportion of men.

A.M.P.

On January 22nd, an extraordinary meeting of this Society was held to consider whether the questions to be set in terminals should be announced beforehand to the students. The debate was characterised by extraordinary brilliance, many students pleading passionately for a chance of getting 100% for their voluminous works (one-half page of ink-bedaubed foolscap). One student complained that, without notice, he had been asked where London was, while another asserted that he had been asked to spell cat. Mr. X—, with his usual lucidity, dealt with the wherefore of the because of the subject. The debate was terminated rather suddenly by an unusual and terrible occurrence. A man student was seen to speak to a woman student!!! The executive committee immediately threw him out (ex, out; curro, run, or make to run; note that down, children), whilst indescribable confusion prevailed, three persons suffering nervous shock from the "very idea." Order having been partially restored after the three persons mentioned had been removed, the following resolutions were passed:—

- (1) That the evil doers be censured.
- (2) That these facts be put in the minute book.
- (3) That future persons similarly acting be for ever ejected from the Society.

On February 30th, another (very) extraordinary meeting was held. The subject was one of great interest:—"This House is of opinion that refreshments should be supplied during lectures" The motion was proposed by the Board of Education. The hon. proposer dwelt strongly on the necessity of giving students stimulants during the arduous process of listening to lectures. Considering the rate of consumption of vital power during such process (prolonged cheers), it was necessary to feed the flame of life (frantic applause), and the speaker therefore considered that some physical support should be offered to students. The students violently opposed this motion, which they considered contrary to the best interests of labour (cheers). They preferred that students should be provided with brain bands, to prevent their heads bursting during the hours in which they sucked in mental nourishment (frantic yells).

The motion was lost 120-5, amidst great excitement.

On April 1st, a debate was announced on "The physio-psychological relation of Shakespeare to the Early Britons." The hall was crowded, but at 7.15 a large notice was pasted up informing the audience that it was April 1st (no debate).

The committee have been taken to the hospital.

(Later). All are progressing favourably, though three are still in danger.

PENNYA L. INAH.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. ❧ ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

On December 3rd Dr. Cavers gave the Society an extremely interesting account of some of his rambles on Dartmoor. The meeting was fairly well attended. The fine poster by Mr. de Grouchy and the liberal provision of Devonshire cream at the tea had evidently added to the attractions of the occasion. But even these allurements failed to draw such large numbers of students as we had last session. However, the attendances during the Christmas term have been steady, if not so large as might be wished.

Dr. Cavers exhibited maps of Devonshire and of the Moor, pointing out that the latter is a plateau with an average height of about 1,400-ft. In places it rises to 2,000-ft.—the highest points in the South of England. Dartmoor is chiefly composed of white granite, and forms part of a chain of granite masses extending from Exmoor to Cornwall and the Scilly Isles. Its area is about 600 square miles—largely bog cut up by innumerable streams, with long whale-back ridges often crowned by the characteristic granite-caps, or "tors." The borders of the Moor are fertile, the rivers having densely-wooded banks, but on the higher parts the vegetation is stunted, and consists of wiry grasses, ling, heaths, bilberry, rushes, sedges, and mosses. Here and there are dwarf oaks, rowans, and birches along the streams, but the great central plateau is a desolate wilderness of bogs and streamlets—a gathering ground for the great rivers which make South Devon so fertile.

After describing the aspect of these wild and seldom-visited recesses of Dartmoor, Dr. Cavers gave an account of the interesting remains of ancient tin-streaming works, stone avenues, crosses, hut-circles, pounds, kistvaens, &c., which are dotted over all except the most boggy and inaccessible regions, also of the folk-lore and traditions—the building of Brentor Church, the pixies, the “wisht” hounds, Childe’s Tomb, &c. An account was also given of the origin and development of the great Convict Prison at Princetown, the afforestation and reclamation of the barren moorland around the prison, and the stringent measures which make escape almost impossible.

The lantern slides—about 70 in all—illustrated the scenery of the Moor in a very effective and interesting manner, including views of woods, streams, waterfalls, ancient stone bridges, tors, &c. Owing to lack of time the slides were put through rather quickly, and for the same reason there was no discussion at the end. A very pleasant evening was concluded by a vote of thanks to Dr. Cavers, which was carried with acclamation. The chair was taken by Dr. Boyd, who had to leave at 7 p.m., Mr. Marle then officiating as chairman.

T. A. S.

HOSTEL NOTES. ✕ ✕

✕ ✕ ✕

BEVOIS MOUNT.

MUCH noise and chattering announced the return of the students to Bevois Mount, after a very enjoyable holiday. They came back in fear and trembling, however, wondering what would be the result of the rumours heard last term. Sad to relate, these were all true, and in consequence—*thirteen weeks’ hard labour*. However, we have a few simple amusements. The ghost of the West Wing does not walk in these days, but, in spite of the existing sanitary certificate, the mouse promenades.

Our library is in a very flourishing condition, and is well patronised by the students. Gifts of books have been received from Mrs. Bland and Mr. Maxwell, and several past Hostelites have subscribed towards a complete set of the works of Dickens. Our librarian hopes to have two or three more complete sets before the end of the present term. Jimmy has deserted, and Jacko has enlisted. We had a very enjoyable Whist Drive on January 18th, and the four prizes were presented by Mrs. Bland.

Some students play ping-pong, while others get up enough energy for diabol.

These must be the “joys of life from home.”

Since the mandate has gone forth that students must not disport themselves in their pretty frocks, there is an atmosphere of work in this abode. Students are frequently being caught swatting—*hard*.

Can any reader forward any information concerning Dobbin and its rider, Sandy, Cynthia, Ananias, and Sapphira, to—

ENERIE.

WINDSOR HOUSE.

ALAS! there is little to say. We especially regret this, as we feel we are not responding to the earnest appeal of the hard-worked editor for contributions. However, we will show *esprit de corps*, by doing the best our powers will permit.

We have indeed been blessed this term, nine students having celebrated their birthdays in two "coalition" birthday teas. This in itself is not remarkable, but a new feature has been introduced, in the form of dramatic entertainments. These altogether surpass the average amateur efforts, and it is strongly recommended that a "Windsorite Amateur Dramatic Society" should be formed. During a dramatic performance a brilliant dialogue was introduced, in the course of which the remark, "Thanks, chaps," was heard, and has caused much mystification. Can any one explain its meaning? Apparently, this is quite clear, but from the interest which has been taken in it, we conclude there is a hidden meaning.

We are pleased to say that an Encyclopædia has descended like a "bolt from the blue," to aid us in our difficulties. It is moreover, human, which makes it far more interesting and instructive. Geographical questions of such remoteness as the exact locality of Marchwood are explicitly answered. Nay, more, it volunteers information concerning a certain interesting policeman who is there. We are mystified. Where did it get its knowledge?

Many have observed the "vinegar visage" of certain Windsorites. This can only be accounted for by the fact that they are striving, by means of much research, to find a satisfactory definition of the term "Cultivation of the Soul." After much observation one volunteered the definition "general deterioration," which was promptly rejected by the originator of the expression. Will any one who can enlighten us on the subject please communicate with the Windsorites?

The art of making "coffee pots" is being brought to a high standard of perfection among our juniors. However, the art has not yet been brought to a satisfactory stage, and the efforts of the inventors are now being redoubled. May their aim be soon achieved, as the spectators of their efforts do not always appreciate the ardour with which they work. The making of a new rule prohibiting such inventions is being seriously contemplated by the non-participating portion of the house. The art of true friendship is also being diligently cultivated among certain Windsorites. It affords an interesting psychological study. Among other things which have risen to popularity in the house this term, "curtains" have perhaps found greatest favour. They are convenient when one needs to retire. They take various forms, aprons, hooks, and even satchels being appropriated for this purpose.

A certain illustrious quartette have also acquired the unpleasant habit of hearing the "tail end" of sentences, and promptly looking vacant and enquiring "What's that?" It is to be hoped this pernicious habit will soon become a "dead letter" among us, as it is hardly "lady-like" to exhibit such unbecoming curiosity.

Windsor House seems to have become the "haunt of the Muses." The sweetest strains are constantly heard in its vicinity, including feline serenades and harrel organ recitals. One student, who certainly deserves annihilation, was heard to remark, "This must be the abode of the Muses, judging from the mews and other music we get." Was this meant for a pun?

One evening, after struggles with the letters "S" and "P," and frantic efforts to mentally retain impressions of chickens and caterpillars, the Windsorites descended to the supper room. They were met with the strains of sweet music. We did not know the Hartley could now afford to follow the example of popular cafés and supply music with supper.

A student lost a point in Southampton High Street during the Xmas Terminal week (the time perhaps accounts for the loss). It has been at large for rather a long time, but we still have faint hopes of its return. Will any one finding the same please return to Windsor House.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

✦ ✦ ✦

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

THE Meetings this term have been on the whole very well attended, and have been helpful and enjoyable. At the first meeting of the term a report of the Liverpool Conference was given by the delegates, Miss Carpenter and Miss Lorraine. We have also had a paper on the Student Volunteer Missionary Union from Miss Mitchell, for the benefit of those interested in Missionary Work.

The Universal Day of Prayer for Students was observed on Sunday, February 9th.

A. C. ALEXANDER, } Hon. Secs.
C. MITCHELL, }

MEN'S BRANCH.

The attendance Sunday by Sunday is still well maintained. Interest in the meetings is a good feature of our branch. Reports of the Liverpool Missionary Conference of January last have been read by the delegates, viz., H. W. Hyde and E. J. Evans.

A combined meeting has already been held this term, which was addressed by Rev. I. Maldwyn Jones, B.A. February 9th (the Universal Day of Prayer for Students) was observed by our branch of the Federation.

The Travelling Secretary will visit us on March 1st, when a good Meeting is anticipated. Papers are arranged for this term by the following:—Messrs. R. E. Pritchard, D. Evans, C. T. Smith, R. J. Jacobs, and W. Thomas. Combined Meeting on March 15th (Mr. Tomlinson.)

Bible Circles are now at work, and recruits will be gladly enrolled.

H. W. H.

PHYSICAL CULTURE SOCIETY.

+ + +

THE Physical Culture Society opened its session under very favourable conditions. A course of dancing lessons was arranged under the able tuition of Mrs. Gange, these being greatly appreciated by all the members, the average attendance being over fifty.

Never again will be seen at a College Soirée (a Soirée! oh what memories of the past!) members of the fair sex wandering aimlessly around, giving support to the pillars, and casting envious looks to their more fortunate companions, who glide merrily past "tripping the light fantastic toe."

We were glad to welcome many new recruits who have now become imbued with a keen spirit of enthusiasm, and have shown a great desire to master the various intricacies of the steps.

Of a Saturday evening, a stranger on entering the hall, hears the sound of music and the low murmuring of many words:—Listen! the "Hymn of Praise?"—No! but "Glide the right foot forward—one, left foot in front—two, &c."

At nearer approach the scene becomes more distinct, the various couples gliding past are but women students participating in a little recreation after a week of strenuous duties.

At the approach of 8.45 p.m. the scene begins to fade. Though we are loth to leave, visions of a chartered car loom in the distance—haste must be made, and so, gradually the members depart looking forward with great pleasure for the coming week, when still further progress may be made in the advancement of the terpsichorean art.

F.M.G.

SOUTHAMPTON SOCIETY OF OLD
HARTLEYANS, ❧ ❧

* * *

ON February 14th this Society held its annual musical evening, when Professor Clarke read a paper on "Sullivan." Many interesting facts, connected with the life of this typical English composer were given, also some of Professor Clarke's opinions on some of Sullivan's works.

The paper was illustrated with selections from "Ivanhoe," "Iolanthe," "Mikado," "Patience," "Yeoman of the Guard," and the "Golden Legend." In the rendering of these selections the Society had the able assistance of Miss Clarke, Miss Cox, Miss Hurst, Miss Terry, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Dann, and Mr. McClare. Miss Cheverton was the accompanist. A large company was present at the invitation of the committee, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Professor Clarke, proposed by Mr. H. F. Muir, B.Sc., and seconded by Mr. McMoire.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on Saturday, February 29th, and will take the form of a Whist Drive and Dance.

The concluding meeting will be a Soirée, to be held on Saturday, March 28th.

WALTER C. MYLAND.

LONDON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

* * *

Since the annual meeting in September last, two meetings have been held. The first was a Whist Drive on November 15th, which proved such a success that another is to be arranged in March. The other meeting was a visit to Dr. Piggott's schools at Hornsey, on November 30th. Dr. and Mrs. Piggott had spared no pains to make a pleasant evening for our members. The hall was arranged for music and dancing, and Whist was held in an adjacent room. Members had an excellent opportunity of seeing the splendid buildings and equipment of what is perhaps the only school of its kind near London. The members of the school staff and L.S.O.H. members contributed musical items, and in an interval refreshments were provided by Mrs. Piggott and the ladies of the staff. Everyone enjoyed the visit, and our heartiest thanks are due to our ex-President and Mrs. Piggott. A successful dance was held on Friday, January 31st, at St. Bride's Institute, Fleet Street. Several new members were present. Our President, Mr. Snashall, was not with us on this occasion, as he is now in Australia. We also missed Mr. W. S. Jackson, who is now at Yeovil. It is to be regretted that a financial loss was incurred, but that is partly due to heavy expenses in connection with the hire of the hall. The M.C.'s were Messrs. Palmer and Rogers, and the Secretary. We hope to arrange visits to Westminster Abbey and Greenwich Observatory. Inter. students should note that we are arranging an outing to Richmond and Wimbledon for the Saturday afternoon in Inter. week, at which they will be heartily welcomed. It is also proposed to hold a joint outing with the Portsmouth and Southampton Societies to Haslemere and Hindhead. This should be very popular.

May I remind all present students who expect to be in or near London after leaving College, that we shall be pleased to welcome them as members of the L.S.O.H.

C. P.

TENNIS CLUB. X X

* * *

THE prospects of this club are exceedingly bright. Already over a hundred students have signified their intention of becoming members. Tournaments and matches are being arranged, a new departure being a match between Seniors and Juniors. Altogether a most successful season may be anticipated. Owing to the grant from the Central Union to this club being smaller than usual, each member is being asked to subscribe towards the buying of the balls, so that at the end of the season we hope to have no deficit.

F. F.

CHESS CLUB. X X

* * *

THE Chess Club is in a state of suspended animation.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.



v. Borough Road Training College.

THE Annual Rugby match with Borough Road took place on February 1st, and, whatever it lacked in importance, was more than compensated for by the enthusiasm and interest it excited. This inter-College encounter is always anticipated, if not with rivalry, as an occasion for maintaining the fraternity which has recently been established between the two Colleges. For some weeks previous to the struggle, men had aspired to represent their Alma Mater, and as a result of the preliminary match, in which some novices showed remarkable form, a team was selected under the captaincy of Mr. Mitchell, which the Committee thought would uphold the prestige of the College.

In spite of these efforts, Borough's team proved superior in almost every department of the game, and well deserved their hard earned victory. Of course it must be remembered that the training of the "B's" fifteen forms an integral part in their system of sports, and is not merely a prelude to their annual meeting with Hartley. However, on the day's play, there is every reason to believe that the home team has some fine material which could be well developed were there opportunities for using it. Considering the fine performances of the visitors in London, Hartley did exceedingly well, and exhibited rare dash against so powerful a team.

It was gratifying to the spectator to see Mr. Phillips, himself an old B., on the field. Although a veteran, he was by no means tardy, but clung to his speedy opponents like a leech. Messrs. Osman and Turner, late of Christ's Hospital, played a neat game. The former, who is still young, should have a bright future. We could not pass from a criticism of the game without a reference to the ladies. All will agree that they turned up in force like true "patriots," and, although not thoroughly conversant with the details of the game, seemed as keen as the men. All men students, I am sure, thank them for their hearty support and hope to see them on other occasions.

After the match a sumptuous tea was provided at the Southern Café, followed by a smoking concert, the humour and pathos of which was appreciated by quite eighty students. Several hashful youths made their debut, and it was encouraging to notice that we still have talent in the form of Music Hall Prodigies and Chamber Concert Cherubs. The concert closed with the singing of the College song, and the "B's" were escorted to the station, where the players, together with a genial porter, were tossed on high. An exhilarating rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" re-echoed in the air, and amidst hearty cheers and hand-shakes, the "B's" departed into the night. Thus ended a most enjoyable evening, which was only made complete by the mysterious and ear-splitting "Goh-le-i-o," the last strains of which had no sooner died away, when the Hartleyites scattered with cheery "Good Nights" to their respective quarters.

SAM P.

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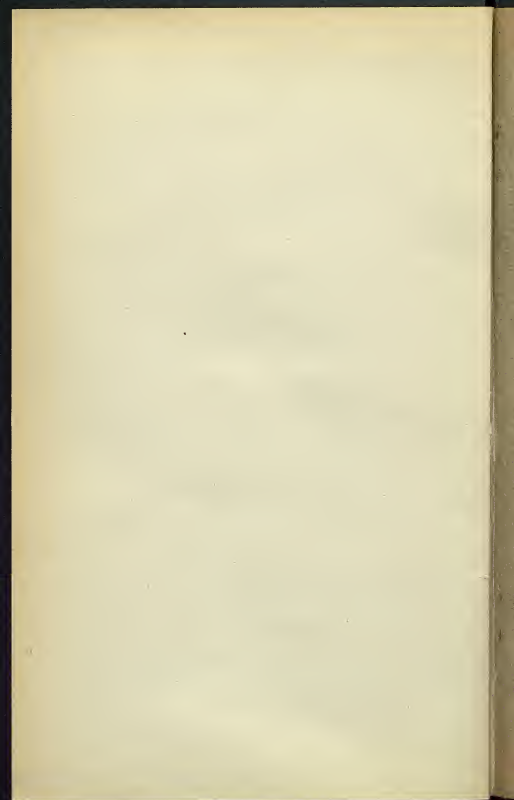
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